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Wedding Day...
bridge to a new life.

Marriage need not change

this
into
this

Young people to-day earnestly seek happiness

By AMANDA LOVEL

FOR most ordinary people, for nearly all women, marriage is the most important undertaking of their lives.

And of all the fine things that can be achieved by ordinary people, nothing is finer or more precious than happiness in marriage.

Because marriage is still, as it always has been, the great opportunity for the ordinary man or woman to find fulfillment.

The few may have some great talent that will give them fulfillment in art, in science, in letters, in politics, but for each of these there are thousands of average citizens who have a talent for companionship that will give them fulfillment in loving, cherishing, and even obeying.

If these people miss out on happiness in marriage, they usually miss out on fulfilment, and the longing for this is the deepest thing in human make-up.

It cannot be satisfied by a marriage of convenience that carries the rewards only of position and security.

It can be satisfied by a marriage that is happy in the sense that it is a sharing and a building throughout life by two people who find in each other a refuge and a support they find nowhere else.

That sounds an awful lot to expect, but it's no more than most lovers hope for when they go to the altar.

But a wedding doesn't automatically supply a ticket to Paradise or a guarantee of lifelong bliss.

Marriage follows the inexorable rule of life that you've got to work hard for anything that's really worth having.

Most healthy sign in social conditions to-day is a new

COURTSHIP...
miracle of being
deeply in love.



MARRIAGE...
can be saved from
disappointment, dispute, and divorce.

earnestness in youth's approach to marriage.

Warned by the divorce lists, appalled by what they see happening around them when the first fine careless rapture of love disappears, young people are asking how they can preserve the miracle and the joy of being in love all through their married lives.

This is particularly noticeable in America, where college and high-school courses, lecture groups, and Church circles all try to prepare the young to make a success of marriage.

The searching questions the younger generation ask are proof that they are fully aware of all they'll miss if they miss happiness in marriage.

Cynics tell them that all the wrecked marriages began with courtships as idyllic as theirs.

The young people take the argument further and ask the cynics just where these marriages began to go wrong and why.

They claim that if they are educated for marriage as for everything else their chances of finding happiness will be doubled.

Try this guide

ONE heartening fact their pastors and masters can tell them is that serious research has shown that there are more happy marriages than unhappy ones.

The rise in divorce figures proves only that there is more divorce—not more unhappiness.

The older generation suffered the agonies of incompatibility because divorce then carried a slur. Nowadays a wider toleration of divorce makes it a solution in which unhappiness may be dissolved without disgrace.

Advice given to inquiring youngsters about the chances and the risks of their share of love is based on research findings, which revealed the following:

Chances of success are greater if the pair have a similar family background.

People who have lived in the country during childhood and adolescence adjust themselves to marriage better than those who've spent that time in the city.

People whose parents were happily

Money matters don't matter

EXPERTS say finance isn't nearly so important in assessing the chances of success in marriage as most people think.

It has some bearing, but the regularity of the income is far more important than its size.

Agreement over the manner of handling the family finances is most important of all.

married are more likely to be happy than those from unhappy homes.

Contrary to popular belief, the more strongly husband and wife are attached to their parents the more likely they are to be happy in their marriage.

A man who was a member of a family of four or more is likely to make a reliable husband.

An only or a youngest child is not a good choice unless he or she marries an oldest or middle child.

A man who belongs to several social organisations will probably be a good husband.

If he has only a few friends he is not a promising catch.

Good health is important, but not vital. It is more important for the husband.

Overweight tends towards poorer adjustment in marriage, particularly among women.

Residing in a small town is favorable to marriage.

The longer a couple have known each other before marriage the better are their chances of success. At least two years' engagement is advised by some authorities.

Age differences, unless very great, are not considered important.

The wish to have children is a good sign, perhaps the best of all.

Young people usually know little more than that they want each other and that to be together is a joy.

It is significant that in these serious times they are seriously seeking to keep that joy and to keep it fresh.

They are willing to put real work and thought into making the reality of marriage as lovely as the promise of courtship.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Park Lane studio.

MR. JUSTICE WEBB

Watches sugar prices

BRISBANE - BORN William

Flood Webb, recently appointed Chief Justice of Queensland, has done much specialised legal work involving national issues. His fifteen years' presidency of Queensland Arbitration Court is an Australian record. As chairman of the Royal Commission on the sugar industry his decisions on sugar prices affect all household budgets.



MISS ANITA VALE

Praises our students

SENT to Australia by Columbia

University Experimental School, U.S.A., at which she is lecturer, to report on the life of women university students. Miss Anita Vale says "Australian students are more earnest and versatile than Americans." But she considers the American system allows greater individuality and initiative.



SIR ALAN BROOKE

"The Wizard"

IN appearance the efficient business

man rather than the orthodox soldier, Lieut.-General Sir Alan Brooke, recently appointed Commander-in-Chief of Britain's Home Forces, is regarded as the army's greatest gunnery and mechanised warfare expert. The troops know him as "The Wizard."

Commander of the 2nd Corps of the B.E.F., he was prominent in organising the Dunkirk evacuation.

The dreamy sounds of a Viennese waltz swirled around them, engulfing them. She raised her eyes to his, and thrilled to the love she saw there.



ROMANCE LIKE THIS...
THE RIGHT OF EVERY GIRL

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ALGIERS

...By **ETHEL MANNIN**

● **A powerful story of a man's aspirations, and a woman's guile.**

IN Syria he had another and more complicated name, but along the quays and in the bars and cabarets of Algiers he was simply "Jimmy," the name he had adopted for the convenience of the English and American tourists from the luxury liners.

He had been bouting along the quays since he was about eleven years old, peddling postcards, contraband and cigarettes; offering his services as guide, collecting commission from the establishments to which he brought people, in addition to the fees he collected from the clients themselves for his services as courier, resorting, occasionally, to blackmail. He was completely unscrupulous, and completely corrupt.

His stock-in-trade consisted of a lively set of wits, considerable personal charm which he could turn on like a tap, and a capacity for making the person he was exploiting feel that he was doing him or her a favor. Nothing was too much trouble for him so long as there was money in it. He would even do somebody a good turn when he saw in it the possibility of it ultimately benefiting himself. He was far-seeing — he prided himself on that. And passionately ambitious.

At first his ambition had been merely to make a great deal of money; then he would have a white villa on the hillside out at Mustapha, looking out over the sea. He would smoke expensive cigars, patronise the most exclusive restaurants, drive about in a high-powered and elegant car, and the days of degradation along the quays would be as though they had never been.

By degradation he did not mean moral, but the humiliation of snubs and rebuffs, and the bitter knowledge that he was despised even by those who accepted his services. One day all that would be forgotten; he would not be "Jimmy," in that familiar fashion, to all comers. He would be respected; he would have servants to command, and a beautiful woman turned out in vastly superior fashion to any English or American who ever came off a luxury liner.

In women, as such, he was not par-

ticularly interested; he wanted a beautiful woman as he wanted a fine house, a smart car. She was not by any means the apex of ambition. His banking account was that. All this was until he saw Monica Vane come down the gangplank of the Star of India. Then, subtly, his ambition changed.

There was something, he perceived, that was independent of money. A quality of distinction which he thought of as "education." At first definition of that quality had eluded him. He had known only that Miss Vane and the handsome grey-haired gentleman he heard her refer to as "Charles," but whom later he learned was her father, were different from other wealthy tourists he had had to deal with. The charming courtesy with which they declined his services made him feel curiously inferior; he was used to brusque snubs; he accepted all that as part of the game; what he was quite unused to was being treated as an equal. The Vane's combined dignity with graciousness; it came to him suddenly that there was something about them that was like royalty. It was his first glimpse of breeding.

After that he knew that it would not be enough to be the rich man in the villa on the hill. His dream expanded. He would like in middle-age to look as distinguished as Mr. Charles Vane; his beautiful woman would have to have the grace and dignity of Miss Monica; she would have to be, in fact, a lady, which requirement had not entered into the scheme of things before.

It would not be enough to be rich if he could not also pass as a gentleman, which, it came to him now, many of the rich men he piloted around the night life of Algiers were not; they were vulgar. It was an aspect of money he had certainly not thought about before.

When he suggested that he should conduct them round the Kasbah, the old town, Mr. Vane thanked him, but explained that they preferred to go uncondemned. To the stock sugges-

tion that it was unsafe, Mr. Vane merely smiled and replied that he had never found it so, and Jimmy knew that he was beaten.

In the afternoon, lounging with a group of other touts on a corner of the Boulevard de la Republique, above the port, he chanced to see them driving in a carriage. They did not see him, and the carriage clattered past and began to descend the terraces of the "ramps" to the quays, where the great white liner waited. The carriage returned empty in due course, and Jimmy stepped across the road and inquired of the driver if he was taking the English lady and gentleman anywhere that night. The man told him yes, he was to meet them at the gangplank of the liner at ten-thirty, and take them to the Florentine for supper.

Jimmy congratulated himself on his good fortune; he had frequently collected commissions from the Florentine, which was one of the most expensive night places in Algiers. Also Olga was a dance hostess there, and since it was he who had dragged her out of the gutter and got her there, it was time she did something for him.

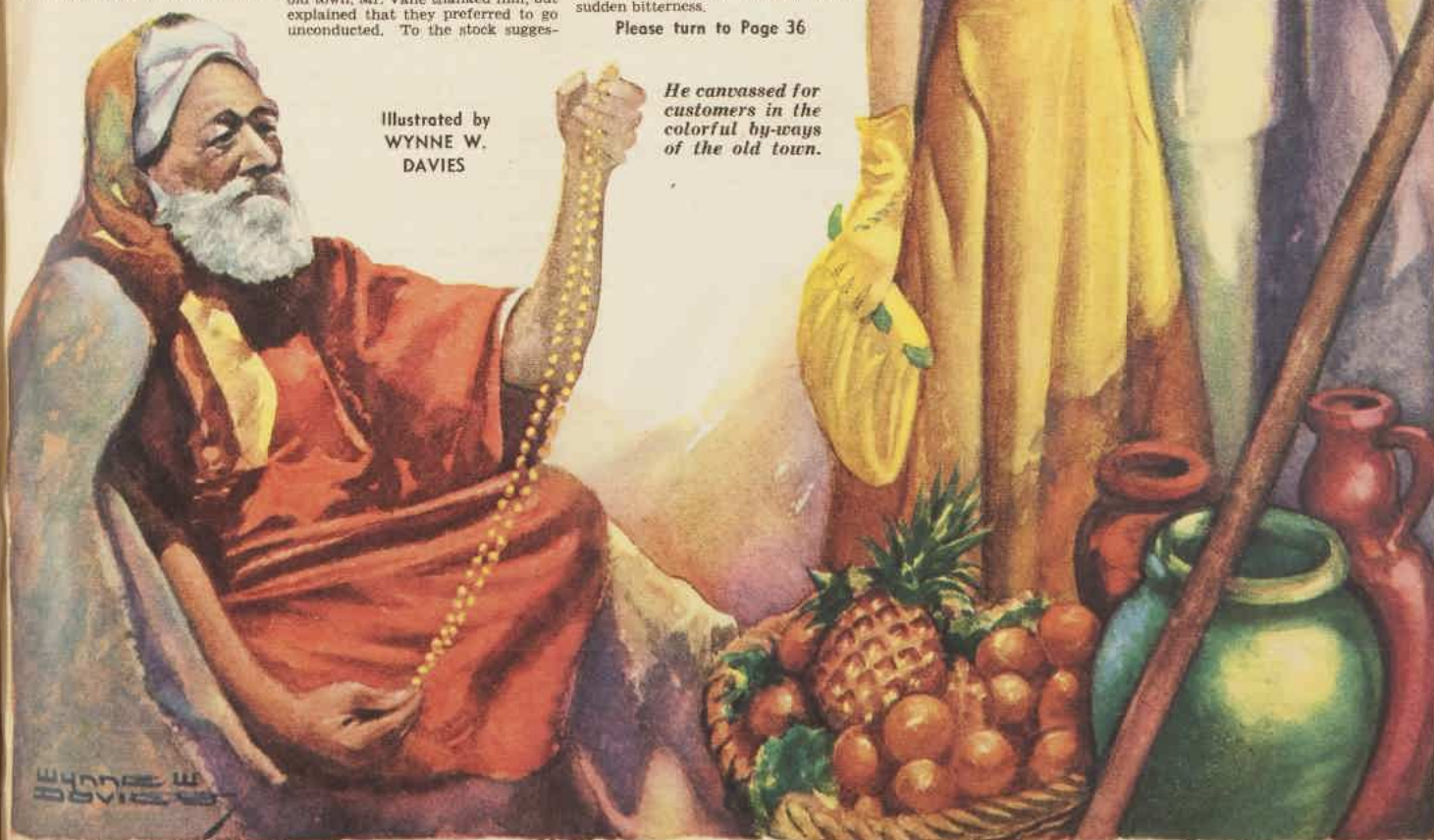
He left his companions lounging against the railings, smoking, gossiping, and eyeing the passers-by along the boulevard for possible prey, and set off for the Rue Babel-Oued and a shabby house which stood with its feet in the garbage and running gutter water of the narrow street. He could always be sure of finding Olga at home in the heat of afternoon, lying on her bed behind closed shutters and waiting for night and life to begin afresh. He ran up the dark, dirty steps of the house and entered her room, barely knocking.

He found her as he had expected, lying on her bed in a gaudy silk robe bought in the bazaar, smoking a rank-smelling cigarette. The room was hot despite the closed shutters, and smelt of the street. The smell of the gutter, he thought with sudden bitterness.

Please turn to Page 36

Illustrated by
**WYNNE W.
DAVIES**

He canvassed for customers in the colorful by-ways of the old town.



Across the Frontier (No. 2)

WINGS in the NIGHT

To descend by parachute into enemy territory requires courage . . . but the Fraulein wanted desperately to get out of Germany.

HE could feel the tug of the webbing at armpit and thigh as the parachute opened above him in the darkness.

The plane had been coasting in silence before he had taken the headlong plunge, and when he had recovered his wits he listened for the engine to cut in again. When at last he heard it, the sound was no more than a muted purr miles away in the south-west.

In the same direction he saw a

searchlight stab the blackness; the long bright lance wavered in the night, then faded.

The cold air slashed at his cheek as he dropped. There was little wind, so his lateral swing was slight. It was the landing that would be hazardous—the impact with the unknown that was coming nearer every decimal of a second. He could see a vague splutter of lights to the east—the town of Gronenstadt; his drop had been planned for the vacant fields on its outskirts.

Twenty kilometres southward, he knew, was the long deep lake with Swiss mountains on the farther side; the plane had skirted these mountains on its diagonal flight across the Siegfried Line . . . And then the black earth rushed up to meet him, and he held his breath.

He found himself sprawling on the ground, with the parachute collapsing in a pile of ruffled silk at his side. He unclamped the tackle, got to his feet, pulled off flying kit and helmet, then opened a knapsack in which had been stowed a thin top-coat and hat. Luck had been with him so far—uncommon luck.

He could discern the dimmed headlamps of motor lorries on the road that led to Gronenstadt, and he made for the military camp on the outskirts of the town. In the Orderly Room, standing stiff and uncommunicative, he demanded to be taken to Colonel von Siegen at Intelligence headquarters.

"Herr Oberst von Siegen is expecting you?"

The officer on duty was pardonably terse with a mere civilian. He looked the stranger up and down: young, fair-haired, erect, with steady dark blue eyes and an air of authority.

"Expecting me? No, Herr Hauptmann. We must cut formalities. My business can't wait. Please call the Herr Oberst's office and give the number 57E."

With a scowl the officer put through the call.

"You will be driven to Intelligence headquarters with an escort," he



Illustrated by
FISCHER

said, slamming down the receiver. "You are under arrest, pending identification."

"That is understood." The young man bowed, turned on his heel. Fifteen minutes later he was seated in a narrow anteroom on the second floor of a building near the centre of the town. A dozen rapid questions were shot at him across the desk, and his replies were as rapid. His interrogator left him for a few minutes and returned.

"**C**OME this way. Herr Oberst von Siegen will see you."

The door of a big room closed behind him, and beyond the writing-table Colonel von Siegen was waiting in chilly silence. Pale skin was tightly stretched upon the bony structure of his face. His eyes were a pallid grey; in the bright light they seemed to have the quality of polished quartz as they sized up the young man in front of him.

"Well, what is it? You asked to see me."

"Pardon, Herr Oberst." The young man came forward and stood rigid. "I've brought information. I am Ruckert. I came personally to see you."

The other interrupted: "Why the risk?"

"Because my information is urgent, Herr Oberst. As you know, I do not work direct; I am employed by your agent, Liszt, 57E." His glance

strayed to an open file of papers on the table. "No doubt you have full particulars."

"Did Liszt send you?"

"Unfortunately, Herr Oberst, he is on the run. I had to act on my own account—quickly. The usual channels would have been too slow. With a penknife he cut the lining of his coat and pulled out a small blank sheet of paper. "You may wish to see this."

Von Siegen held it up to the light and looked at the watermark. "Set down, Herr Ruckert," he said.

"What's the information you bring?"

When von Siegen had finished making a note, he drew his forefinger slowly along the ridge of his jaw. "Any other facts that should have come through the usual channels?"

"Yes, Herr Oberst—several." He spoke with slow precision, and at the end Colonel von Siegen left the room. When he came back ten minutes later his expression had notably altered: he wore a smile that was intended to be affable.

"I may tell you, Herr Ruckert, some of your facts were already in our possession; I've checked them by phone with Berlin. I am satisfied."

"You doubted my credentials, Herr Oberst?" said the young man, returning the other's smile.

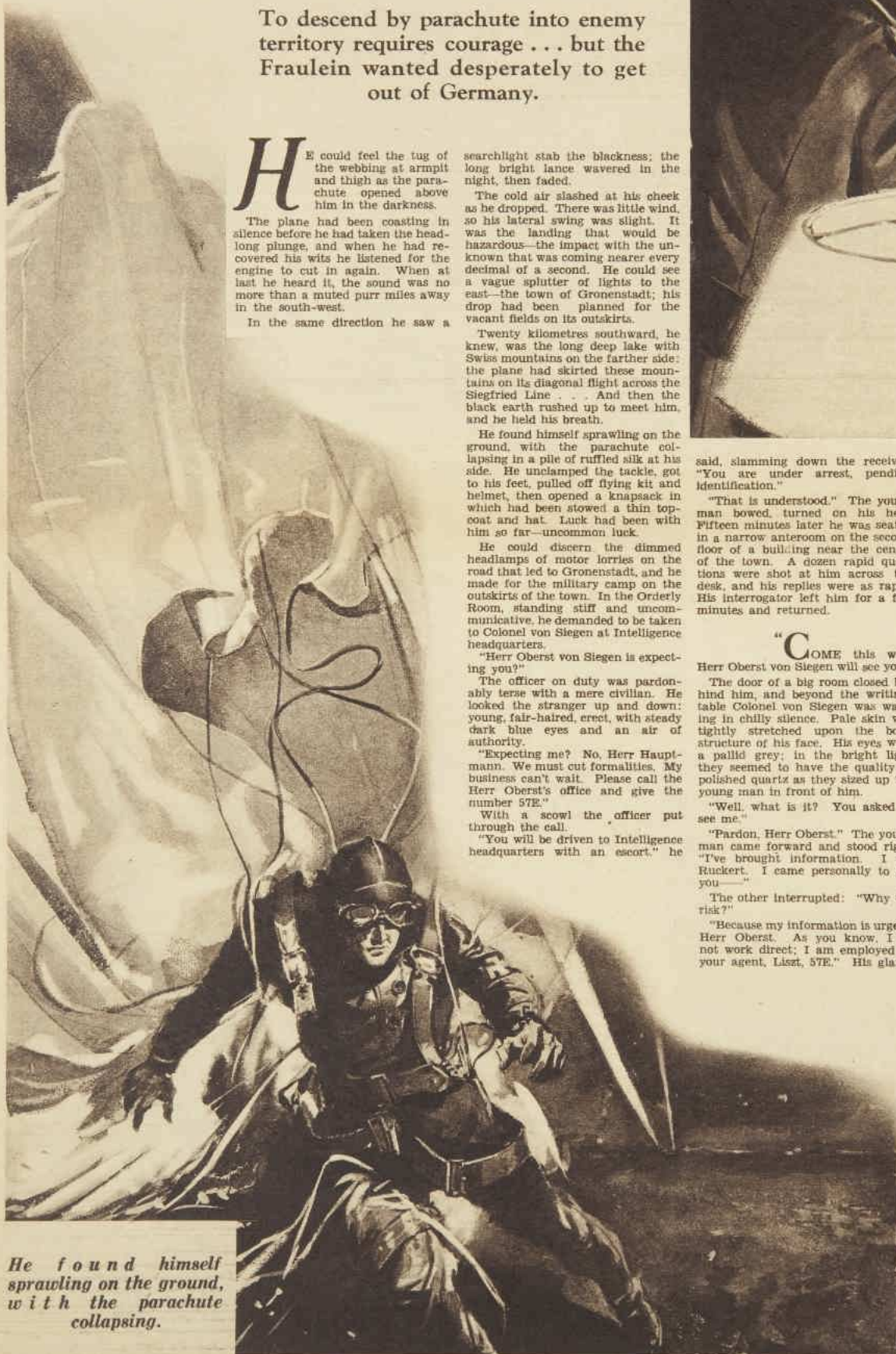
Von Siegen gave a shrug.

"You're personally unknown to me, Herr Ruckert. Besides, accurate information is an agent's best credentials. By the way, your nest about the scientist Barthold."

We didn't know the swine had escaped. He tried to cross into Denmark, but we checked him. You're certain he's dead?"

"Certain, Herr Oberst. Liszt got wind of his escape—and carried out orders. Barthold did not reach Paris alive."

"Good!" Von Sieben lit a cigarette. "I suppose you guessed that Barthold had been employed in the Goering War Laboratory? He was a brilliant scientist—working under close supervision, of course. When he bolted, the Gestapo had a priority order to capture him. That's why Berlin is relieved to hear your news. Barthold could have given the Allies a dossier of dangerous facts!" Smoke trickled from the thin lips. "You must get back into France, Herr Ruckert—I suggest to-morrow night. You seem to be a useful man."



He found himself sprawling on the ground, with the parachute collapsing.



"I'm glad you have met Fraulein Breitner, Ruckert," Von Siegen said.
"You may be useful to one another."

Another thrilling, self-contained episode
in our "Across the Frontier" stories . . .
set in the drama of this war

By AUGUSTUS MUIR

safely into France. You undertake to tell us all you know about the work in the Goering War Laboratory?"

Tears sprang to the dark eyes. "I have given Fraulein Osmond my assurance."

The girl had spread a large-scale map on the table, and Raeburn indicated a point on the shore of the Ostinsee.

"The motor-boat will be waiting out there from midnight till one hour before daybreak," he said to her. "You'll arrange to get Herr Barthold on board as early as possible. Can it be done?"

"It's over twenty kilometres from here," Venetia Osmond's brows were wrinkled. "I'll manage it somehow."

"You'll be glad to get away, Herr Barthold?"

The old man gripped Raeburn's hand again. "How can I thank you—or the Fraulein. She has saved my life . . . for what it's worth."

"I HOPE it will be worth a lot to the Allies. Good luck!"

The girl went to Raeburn to the door. "How do you get back, Nick?" she asked anxiously.

"As I came. Von Siegen's arranging it. I'll 'ball out' of a German plane south of the Vosges."

"Must you?"

"If I don't turn up, von Siegen will guess it was bluff about Barthold's death. I'll come here to-morrow to see what you've planned."

He had made a mental note of the route, and soon he was back in the main thoroughfare. At the hotel in the Koenenstrasse he was shown at once to the room that had been prepared for him. "They do some of their people pretty well," he murmured, observing the traveller's kit that had been laid out for him. He was glad to tumble into bed, and the ersatz coffee next morning was at least hot.

He was called from breakfast to answer the telephone.

"Good morning, Herr Ruckert." It was Colonel von Siegen on the line. "I'll be out of town to-day; don't

trouble to report at headquarters. Dine with me to-night instead."

"I'll be delighted, Herr Oberst." "I'll have a guest I'd like you to meet. Eight o'clock—the Hotel Wagner. You can drive straight to the aerodrome from my hotel—it will save time."

"Thank you, Herr Oberst."

He would have refused the invitation if he had dared. There would be little time now to help Venetia Osmond—if she should need help at the last moment. Meantime he had the whole day on his hands; ten hours of inactivity. In the afternoon he loitered near the aerodrome on the outskirts of the town and watched the machines go up. Night could not come too soon, when he would be in the air with the comforting knowledge that Barthold was on his way into Switzerland.

On one thing he was now determined: Venetia Osmond was going, too. She thought she was safe in her hospital job; but how could one be sure? It was seven o'clock before he set out for her lodgings; but he played for safety by doubling twice in his tracks before he hurried down the lane. She was waiting upstairs, and he guessed from her look that things had gone well.

"Yes—thanks to the old woman here! Her brother runs a little motor van for collecting market produce from farms near the lake. To-night he's going to take us. I went there to-day to get the lead of the land."

"You did?" A lie seemed to slip from his shoulders. "One last word, darling. I want you to get away with Barthold—out of this country."

"The Chief's orders?" There was an eager catch in her breath.

"No—mine! You've done darned good work. Get back while you can. Promise!"

She turned away. "We'll see, Nick. No promises—please."

"If I weren't dining with von Siegen, I'd stop and argue. Why the devil won't you go?" He raised her chin.

"I must have time to think," Her eyes were steady. "My job's here. You'd better hurry, Nick. Save up a week's leave in Paris—some time. I won't forget."

Please turn to Page 32

"The route, Herr Oberst?"

"The way you came," von Siegen murmured. "It's quickest. A plane will be put at your disposal. You can 'ball out' south of the Vosges—it's lonely country there."

The young man got up, heels together. "And until to-morrow night, Herr Oberst?"

"Report to me here in the morning. You'll put up to-night at the Hotel Waldmar—it's in the Koenenstrasse." Von Siegen gave a nod of dismissal. "Good night, Ruckert."

But when the young man stepped out into the darkened street it was not towards the Koenenstrasse that he made his way.

In the market square of Gronenstadt is a large equestrian statue. As he drew near, he could discern its ponderous outline against the night sky. A wooden bench stood beside the plinth, but it was vacant and he moved away. He was suddenly conscious of an almost uncontrollable desire for a cigarette—an English cigarette. Three times, at intervals, he wandered back to the bench; and at last he was rewarded. The huddled figure of an old woman sat there, a shawl around her shoulders.

He caught her murmured words, and at once replied:

"Gehen Sie voran!"

The woman rose and shuffled off in the dark. He followed, and she paused at each street corner for him to draw near. When they came to a poor quarter of the town she turned down a lane behind some houses. He could hear her open a gate, and he followed across the yard. The back door of the house swung wide as he approached, and was closed and locked behind him. The woman mounted a creaking wooden stair to the first floor, where a small oil-lamp burned low. She tapped gently, then moved away.

"Danke vielmals," he said. And then the door at his side was flung open, and against the radiance of the room beyond he saw the figure of a girl. The light seemed to linger in the bright gold of her hair.

"Come in, Nicol Raeburn!" she said, and he could hear the little quiver of welcome in her voice.

"Venetia!" As he took both her hands he saw she was in the outdoor uniform of a hospital nurse. Her violet-blue eyes were lovelier than ever, he thought. There was silence for a full half-minute; then he laughed.

"Well, haven't we got anything to

say to each other—not anything at all?"

"Doesn't look like it!" A smile flickered, then waned.

"How many weeks since I saw you last?"

"I've stopped counting, Nick." "Have you? We had good times in Paris before the Deuxieme Bureau sent you over to the chilly side of the Siegfried Line. They're giving you good marks at the Bureau, my dear. As a liaison officer, I ought to know."

"I'm glad."

He dropped into a chair beside the porcelain stove and stretched out his legs.

"You're fixed up well enough in Gronenstadt?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said slowly. "I've even got an Ahnenpass, which covers most things here. I nurse in the hospital ten hours a day. You haven't been worrying about me?"

"A little," he confessed. Day and night she had been in his thoughts, and he guessed that she knew it.

"We had better get down to business, hadn't we?" she said. "I've got Herr Barthold here."

"Here in this house? Good."

"THE old woman's a gem," she told him. "I'm paying her well, but she wouldn't take a penny if she weren't so desperately poor. Has the Bureau got everything fixed up for Herr Barthold?"

"Yes, we must get him across the lake into Switzerland to-morrow night. Bring him in, and I'll explain . . . Wait!" he added. "I'd better tell you. I've just paid a visit to Colonel von Siegen."

"At Intelligence headquarters?" The violet-blue eyes opened: it was the only sign of surprise she gave.

"I played a safe card. We nabbed a couple of their agents near Paris last week, and persuaded one of them to talk. Orders had been issued to kill any Barthold if he got out of Germany."

"Because he'd been working in the War Laboratory?"

"Yes. I told von Siegen that Barthold is dead—so they've crossed him off the list. He should be safe now when he gets to France."

She stared at him, then gave a light laugh. "They think of everything at the Bureau!"

"Bring him in, my dear."

She came back with an elderly

man: short, spare, bearded, with big hollow eyes.

Raeburn could discern the tremor of his lips as he advanced with hesitation, bowed, then gripped the outstretched hand.

"I won't keep you many moments, Herr Barthold. Fraulein Osmond has told you who I am? You cross into Switzerland to-morrow night. A speedboat will be waiting on the lake and we've arranged that your friend Ebnat of Zurich will see you

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isn't anything you've heard of before! Scientists have brought us something brand-new, a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops, and instantly you get a glorious bubbly foam in any kind of water—five times more than soap lather. Rub it briskly into the hair, rinse once, and you're through.

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Another thing—you'll find Colimated 'foam' Shampoo the most economical you've ever used—only half a teaspoonful gives you the finest shampoo you've ever had. All chemists and toilet counters.

Promise of Perfection

A Complete
Short Story

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



"I felt as if I'd found an answer to something when I found this place," said Ellen.

READY, Ellen?" Bill Sheridan flung the question over his shoulder, not pausing in his nervous pacing of the narrow room. His overcoat was tossed on a chair; he held his hat in his hand.

Ellen nodded. "Just as soon as I put these few things in my case."

"I'll carry it down and see about the car." He was anxious to be off; one would think it was his holiday. She supposed it was foolish to linger, absurdly, vainly wishing.

She looked around the little bedroom; her eyes went beyond and searched out familiar objects in the sitting-room. She knew where every chair, every lamp, every book was.

This was where she and Bill had come when they married. They had stood in the doorway and surveyed their home as if it were a vast continent. How proud they had been of their few possessions, and yet how sure that this was to be only the beginning!

"One of these days, Mrs. Sheridan, you'll have a battery of refrigerators to take care of your caviare and champagne, and a special vault will be built in your boudoir for your pearl necklaces."

"But I don't want caviare and pearl necklaces, Bill, darling."

"Not even if I give them to you?"

"Well, of course—" she had begun reluctantly, and he had kissed her and laughed.

"Not sorry yet that you married me?"

"Never! Oh, Bill, it's so grand being Mrs. William Sheridan."

"Mrs. William Townsend Sheridan, if you please!"

Such fun, such days of planning! What had happened to them? Why had it changed? Bill getting nervous and morose, herself ready to weep, to fly out about nothing. Something had gone terribly, terribly wrong. Was it herself, or Bill?

She was going to find out, and this might be the beginning of the end. For, if she discovered the answer—in the quiet Chiltern hills—she would not be coming back. She

must look around the little flat, so that she could remember every line and angle.

She slipped through the front door, blinking back her tears. The latch clicked decisively, as if it were saying: "It's all behind you now—all the happy days, and the unhappy ones."

Bill was waiting for her beside the car. He helped her in, his face a mask. He did not speak while he manoeuvred through the traffic. She sat beside him, feeling shrunken and miserable, clasping her gloved hands in her lap until her fingers ached. What was Bill feeling? She could not tell, glancing at him. His face was set; he kept looking straight ahead. She might be sitting next a stranger, a polite stranger.

"It was so nice of George to let us have the car to take me," she ventured.

"Um," he replied. She recalled that he did not like to be distracted while driving.

George had thought Bill was taking his wife on her holiday and that he would join her later. That's what everyone thought—everyone who had inquired about their summer plans. Only she and Bill knew what this holiday really meant.

They couldn't go on as they were. Getting on each other's nerves, saying things they were both ashamed of and aghast over later; miserably wondering what had happened. She had chosen a quiet place for her holiday, where she could rest and walk and think. Think! That was the important part. There didn't seem to be much time for thinking in London. And when she had thought and had found the answer to their problem, she would let Bill know. She would let him know her plan for making their lives without each other.

Little by little, as they left the city behind them and began winding towards the hills, she found her tension relax and her hands unclench. It was restful—the rolling

hills, the smell of new-mown grass, the cattle grazing in the fields. Lovely country.

"Lovely country," she said, turning to Bill impulsively.

"Um," he said. He was driving carefully. Not the way he had driven that crazy little two-seater of his in which he had come courting. She could see him driving up the street, stalling the engine, jumping over the side. But this was different, of course. This was George's car. Nothing must happen to it.

He asked her if she wanted to stop in the next village for lunch.

"Oh no, I told Mrs. Biddle I'd be there in time for lunch, and meals are included, you know!" She said it lightly. He mustn't think she didn't want to have lunch with him. But she didn't. Somehow, she couldn't bear to sit opposite that glum, reproachful face. For he was reproachful. He didn't approve of

they knew what it meant, its real significance.

She nodded, afraid to speak for a moment. "I'll write—as soon as I know."

"All right," he said brusquely. "I'll come when you say."

Mrs. Biddle watched him drive off: "Nice young man, your husband. A bit washed-out, but this heat is enough to make any man tired. When he comes here I'll feed him good and proper. You'd like to—rest a bit before dinner? Dinner is in the middle of the day here."

The room was cool and quiet, the bed soft and deep. Ellen watched the curtains fluttering at the window, looked out across the lawn to the barns and beyond to the hills, then closed her eyes. She'd only take a little nap.

When she woke, it was long past dinner time, but Mrs. Biddle had saved her a tray.

While she ate, the elderly woman sat down beside her and began to talk. At any other time Ellen would have enjoyed it, but now, with her nerves on edge and her mind darting from one futile conjecture to another, she was in no mood to listen to village gossip.

As soon as she could, she got up and announced that she was going for a walk. Mrs. Biddle looked disappointed. "Well, if you feel like it—when you come back, I'll have a cup of tea for you."

There seemed to be only one way to start out—along the road in front of the house. Everything was peaceful and drowsy and sweet-smelling. As she walked, she tried to think. But there was something distracting in the air—or perhaps it was the somnolent quality that stupefied her brain. She found herself looking at the people she passed with a curious air; they seemed happy—contented.

Suddenly she was arrested by the smell of honeysuckle. It was her favorite fragrance taking her back to her childhood when she had played

with her dolls near the honeysuckle hedge that ran across the back garden. There must be a hedge of it near—nothing less than a hedge would smell so strongly sweet.

Yes, there it was—yellow and white long-tongued blossoms foaming over thick green. It, too, was at the far end of a garden. She wondered what the rest of the garden was like. She knew what it ought to be like. The house had a "For Sale" sign. The paper had been partly torn off and the board was so dirty that the house must have been for sale a long time. She thought: I don't suppose it would hurt if I went in and took a spray or two—just to remind myself. And I would like to see the garden.

The wicket gate was not locked; she pushed it open and went in and round the house, following a winding path of uneven stones sunk in the grass. It was an enchanted place.

NOT just as it stood, but because, in one swift moment, she could visualise it as it ought to be.

Ellen remembered her attempts to make a garden in London; her husband's struggle to build two window-boxes in their cramped quarters; herself buying little bags of earth and packets of seeds; watering them with a toy watering-pot; discovering, to her horror, that only a few things would grow in London, no matter how carefully tended.

"You see," a friend had told her, "plants are like some people—they won't thrive in the city."

She remembered the garden at home—how luxuriantly everything had grown there, the house filled with flowers all summer long, and the smell of wood-smoke and burning leaves in the autumn.

She had never lost her conviction that that was the way things should be. But it was all a long time ago.

The house had been sold, and she had come to London and got a job. That was when she had met Bill. Her whole life had been changed with that moving away from the old house.

Please turn to Page 34

By A. and C. DE LEEUW

her running away like this, but he hadn't been able to suggest a better plan. And something had to be done—done quickly.

Mrs. Biddle came out to meet them. She was a motherly-looking woman with drawn-back grey hair and a print dress with an apron tied over it. She beamed at Ellen and Bill.

"Too bad your husband isn't staying," she clucked. "But I'll take good care of you. I'm glad to have a young person in the house. Maybe I'll plump her up a bit—she could stand plumpin'." Unless you like 'em thin?"

Bill said: "I like her the way she is." He did it very well. Apparently Mrs. Biddle found nothing wrong with his way of saying it.

"Good-bye, Bill," Ellen said. Her throat felt dry as she held out her hand.

With Mrs. Biddle's eye on them, Bill took her in his arms and kissed her.

Mt. Isa mothers given wrong babies



AINA TAMMINEN. She lived as Barbara Wakefield for fifteen months, then found her real mother.

Every woman in Australia will be deeply stirred by the story of the two young mothers of Mount Isa, Queensland, who for 15 months have lavished their love and care on the wrong babies because of an error of identity at birth.

In the same hospital where 15 months ago they shared the joy of safe motherhood, those two mothers, Mrs. Wakefield and Mrs. Tamminen, a few days ago shared another overwhelming emotional experience. They exchanged babies.

EACH mother looked with almost strange eyes at her own new child, returned to her after more than a year spent in another's home—that first never-to-be-forgotten year so precious in every mother's memory.

The scene of the exchange was pitiable. All four parents were grief-stricken, the mothers and the two older children weeping bitterly.

The exchange of the children is for from being the end of this drama. It is the beginning of the tragic task of readjustment that must be made by the two families and by the two bewildered baby girls.

Both families have gone away from Mount Isa for a holiday to try to recover from the mental stress they have been through and to begin the difficult job ahead.

Each mother is suffering from the terrible loss of a child she has learned to love. Each faces the distress of seeing a sensitive child—her own child—sad and puzzled in a strange new life, with a new Daddy and Mummy she doesn't know.

Each mother would gladly keep both children, the one she brought up with loving care, and the one she years for with the deepest human instinct—that is the essence of the tragedy.

The story began at the Mount Isa District Hospital on May 2, 1939, when Mrs. Angus Wakefield and Mrs. Tovia Tamminen gave birth to baby daughters. The daughters were born within an hour or two of each other.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield took home from hospital a fair, blue-eyed baby whom they named Barbara. They already had a dark-haired little boy named Ralph.

Mrs. Tamminen, a Finn, and his wife took home a dark-eyed infant whom they named Aina, Finnish version of Jean. They already had a blonde, blue-eyed daughter named Lorraine.

As the children grew and the physical contradictions with family history became more marked, doubts about identity grew more persistent. First time the error might have been discovered was in the second weighing after birth.

The genuine Tamminen baby weighed eight pounds one ounce at birth, the other seven pounds nine ounces. Yet on the second weighing the mother who had given birth to the lighter baby now owned the heavier baby, and the period between the first and second weighings was too short to justify the difference.

How hospitals identify newborn babies—see page 33

Though comment was made at the time, the inquiry was not pursued.

It was from the maternal great-grandmother of the Wakefield baby—Mrs. Potthoff, an old lady of 81 years—that the first real suspicion came.

When the babies were three months old Mrs. Potthoff noted and remarked upon the striking resemblance between Ralph Wakefield and the baby in the Tamminen household.

She spoke of it to her granddaughter, the baby's mother, and from then on her mind was never at ease.

The Wakefield parents watched the baby in their home for some resemblance to one or other of them-

Reared little strangers for fifteen months, then agreed to exchange them when blood test revealed error of identity.



MRS. WAKEFIELD and her first child, Ralph.

selves, but found none. Both of them have dark brown eyes and dark coloring which their small son Ralph, a lovely lad of four years, has inherited.

The baby that lived with them was very fair, with clear, fair skin and blue eyes.

Knowing that the Tamminen parents were fair and that their baby was dark, the Wakefield parents were tortured by their suspicions.

One misleading feature was that the baby living with the Wakefields had a cleft chin, and so did Mr. Wakefield, and in less anxious moments the Wakefields thought this pointed to their parenthood.

As a further assurance they remembered they had grandparents with lighter eyes, but the uncertainty recurred.

If Mrs. Tamminen felt any uncertainty she was able to reassure herself with thoughts of her sister, as fair as herself, who had a dark-eyed child.

Became friends

MEANWHILE the Tamminens had come to live alongside Mrs. Savage (formerly Mrs. Price), Mrs. Wakefield's mother. They became friends and Mrs. Savage often noticed the likeness between her neighbor's child and her other grandchild.

For her, this confirmed suspicions long held.

When the babies were 13 months, Mr. Wakefield took snapshots of the baby in the Tamminens' home. These showed features identical with those of Ralph Wakefield at a similar age, and then the Tamminens began to agree there might be something in the suspicions.

Two months ago Mr. Wakefield took the baby to town when he went to buy papers at the newsagency. Mr. Tamminen was also there with his daughter, and the two children played together on the pavement.

Mr. Wakefield was again struck by the close resemblance of the Tamminen baby to his elder child, the boy Ralph. Others commented on the likeness.

At last the two couples agreed that to settle all doubts blood tests should be taken.

Three doctors in the district consulted on the case considered the



BARBARA WAKEFIELD . . . She lived as Aina Tamminen for fifteen months, now settling with her real parents.

likenesses and photographs, and arranged the blood tests.

These were done by Dr. Gunther, a highly qualified research doctor.

Dr. Gunther states that he conducted four blood tests.

These showed the Tamminens could be parents of both children, but the Wakefields could not be the parents of the child they had brought up.

No legal process was considered necessary by the registrar to switch the names to the right children.

Both were christened within two months of birth. The Tamminens are Methodists, the Wakefields Anglican.

Local clergymen held a conference and decided against any re-christening ceremonies.

The fathers were not acquainted before the mix-up, but are now good friends.

"We have been deeply hurt and I hope such a thing can never happen again to anybody," Mr. and Mrs. Tovia Tamminen told a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly who called on them in Brisbane.

Mr. and Mrs. Tamminen are staying with Mrs. Tamminen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Willis, of Newmarket, Brisbane.

"I am trying to forget this horrible mistake. I did not sleep while awaiting the results of the blood tests and my feelings are still hard to describe," said Mrs. Tamminen.

Continued on Page 32



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AU21

Personal sketches of

THE WAKEFIELDS

ANGUS WAKEFIELD, 23, former postal official of Cloncurry, joined mines staff at Mount Isa nine years ago as accountant. Married Miss Doris Price, pretty brunette, of Mt. Isa, five years ago. Have son Ralph, just four, and Barbara, 15 months, the baby wrongly identified. Live on mine side of town, as do most of 1300 mine employees. Are noted ballroom dancers and give exhibitions.

THE TAMMINENS

TOVIA TAMMINEN, a Finn, in Australia 16 years, naturalised 10 years. Speaks good English. Married Nellie Willis, a dressmaker from Brisbane, seven years ago. Former officer in Finnish army, works underground on remunerative contract mining. Family lives on town side two miles from mine. Have daughter Lorraine, 5, and daughter Aina, the other baby concerned in identity drama.

IN ENGLAND NOW!—Last-minute radio from Mary St. Claire



AT PORTSMOUTH. Naval wives outside the naval barracks gates waiting to greet husbands. Portsmouth, premier naval port of the Empire, has many times been bombing target of Nazis.

BRAVE WOMEN of Portsmouth

With air-raids fast becoming an accepted part of my daily life in London, I decided this week to go farther afield and see how the country outside London was getting along.

I picked Portsmouth for a two-day trip because I thought that Portsmouth was a likely place for excitement. I certainly was right about that.

SHORTLY after the train left

London the dining-car steward informed us that the "action warning" had sounded. Passengers pulled down the blinds against splintering glass.

When the all clear was announced we pulled up the blinds to see the green countryside dotted with tennis players, cricketers, and punters on the river.

Arrived at Portsmouth to be greeted by another warning. In fact, I spent most of my visit popping in and out of shelters.

This is a town of women intimately connected with the sea. Their men sail the sea for a living or fight on the sea when the nation is imperilled.

Its streets are reminiscent of the great pages of English history—none greater than those of to-day, where men—and this time women, too—are paralleling the epic feats of old. I was a guest for a time of the Wrens (Women's Royal Naval Service), and my conducting officer was First-Officer Violeta Thurstan.

Secret duties

SHE is the only woman to work on contraband control on the high seas. "I am honored to be a member of this branch of the service," she told me. "I am sometimes seasick, but so are the men, for we go out in all weathers in varying sized boats."

"We are all linguists, speaking many languages. I have lived and worked in most countries of Europe and the Near East."

"My duties are concerned with women passengers and stewardesses and so on. I act as interpreter, question them regarding luggage, and sometimes search the cabins."

"I'm chiefly looking for diamonds and other small items which are so valuable to the enemy's war efforts."

"My most interesting duties I can't talk about. I know several women whose task is so important that they do not even mention it. Several of these are Australians, but their stories won't be known until after the war."

We boarded a ferry, but just as we pulled away from the wharf the sirens went. We put back and went down into shelters with naval men of high rank, sailors, dockers, and dockers' families from nearby.

In the shelter Miss Thurstan talked freely of air-raids in Spain, where she headed a University medical unit at Almeria and Malaga.

She painted a picture of the terrible panic people suffer when they have nothing but bare earth to throw themselves against, and when they know they've no fighters to go up and tackle the raiders.

Around me was a totally different picture.

Dockers played with their youngsters, aproned wives gossiped and knitted, keeping a watchful eye on youngsters. "Drop that, Erbie, or I'll give you such a belting."

Herbie, unheeding, received the "belting"—not a very hard smack on the seat of his pants.

Thus life goes on underground, while overhead swooping planes wage deadly dogfights.

Later I was again caught in a raid, but this time I was at an hotel where one of the bars was reinforced as a shelter.

Here I talked with handsome, fair-haired R.N.V.R. Lieutenant Long, who flatted at Hampton Court, Sydney, for many years, but who is now taking part in many



PAULINE GOWER, one of 18 women "ferry pilots" who fly planes from factories to R.A.F.



LADY WARRENDER, who is working with Mlle. Sikorski for Polish soldiers.

adventures. These included the Dunkirk evacuation.

All around were naval officers, for this hotel is their unofficial headquarters. This was sheltering de luxe.

Just as I left Portsmouth there was another warning, and we pulled down the blinds in the carriages again.

Women pilots

WOMEN are also playing their part in combating air-raiders, for some of the planes used by our fighters have been flown to them by one or other of the 18 women or over 100 men "ferry pilots" of the Air Transport Auxiliary.

These fly fighters, bombers, and trainer planes from the factory straight to the airfields.

They fly in hail, rain, shine, or air-raids. They've delivered several millions of pounds' worth of new warplanes.

Mrs. Margaret Fairweather, Lord Runciman's daughters, Miss Pauline Gower, daughter of a Parliamentarian, Mrs. Winifred Crossley, daughter of Doctor Harrison, who attended at the birth of the St. Neots Quadruplets, are all members. Several are mothers.

Among them is Mrs. Grace Brown, who astonished R.A.F. pilots by landing on rough ground at an advanced air-striking post in France with a consignment of blood for transfusion.

She's the mother of a 10-year-old boy.

Women who are playing a part in the Allied units are organised in England by rank, petite, 24-year-old Mademoiselle Sikorski, daughter of General Sikorski.

She is one of the few women to get out of Poland after the occupation. She is now an ambulance worker, attached to the Polish Army.

She is assisted by tall, sveite, fair-haired Lady Warrender, wife of M.P. Sir Victor.

"Young scamp!" they called her

But she showed Auntie a grand new way to keep COLOURED'S BRIGHT

WHY DORA! THEY LOOK LIKE NEW THINGS. JUST HOW DO YOU KEEP THOSE COLOURS SO LOVELY?

IT'S EASY ENOUGH, MY DEAR, WITH PERSIL

PERSIL? WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL ABOUT THAT?

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AUSTRALIA'S MOST POPULAR WASHER

Continuing our serial
... a story of a woman
doctor's career.

By FRANKEN MELONEY

THE STORY SO FAR:

INCREASING difficulties are crowding about DR. MARGARET FERRIS in a brave battle against sex prejudice. Although the famous surgeon DR. HAUSSMANN recommended her for a surgical appointment in a big hospital, the Board refused to appoint a woman, chiefly at the instigation of DR. WILLIAM KIRKLAND, and instead appointed DR. BATES.

Dr. Bates operates on a child, one of Margaret's patients, who dies during the operation. Margaret declares that Dr. Bates' lack of skill is responsible for his death, and for this she is forced to resign.

Meanwhile, despite their prejudices, Margaret and Dr. Kirkland have found themselves attracted to one another. Circumstances have also thrown them together, as Margaret, having to recommend a doctor to PHILIP DEANE, sent him to Dr. Kirkland, and in the course of their conferences over this, Kirkland learned something of her private life, her housekeeper CELIA, and JOHN BRUCE, an admirer. Furthermore, CATHERINE MERRILL, lovely young heiress who was badly burnt in rescuing a woman from a blazing car, has been admitted to the hospital. She is in love with Dr. Kirkland, and suspecting that he is in love with Dr. Ferris she asks to see her, and only Margaret's prompt judgment and attention save her from a serious collapse.

This is the day of Margaret's resignation, and afterwards Dr. Kirkland drives her home and accepts her invitation to stay to lunch.

Now read on.



Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

Kirkland's hands were still on her shoulders when she became aware of Celia's approach.

WOMEN in WHITE

DR. KIRKLAND followed her into the living-room, where a small table was set in the enclosure of a bay-window which overlooked a row of backyard gardens, bordered frugally with puny iris. In the room, however, there was a quality of cleanliness and forthright grace that pleased him. He ran his hand along the back of an old Queen Anne chair with a seat of faded damask. "This is nice," he said, and meant not the chair, but everything.

"It is nice," she acknowledged. "I'll be having more time to spend here, too," she added lightly.

He knew what she meant. There was nothing to be accomplished by beating about the bush. "Not necessarily," he said with directness. "I spoke to Dr. Hausmann this morning. I was in his surgery when they called me back for Catherine Merrill."

"Oh—"

He was aware that he was being caught in the thoroughly indefensible position of minding somebody else's business. "You're justified in feeling that I had no right to discuss your problems with him," he interrupted her, "but somehow I feel as if I'm responsible for the whole unfortunate affair."

"Isn't that a little far-fetched?"

He could feel his skin prickle beneath her level gaze. Yes, confound it, it was far-fetched. Why had he barged up to Hausmann's surgery, anyway? Hausmann had too much of the Old-World courtesy in him to say what was in his mind. But there'd been a twinkle in the shrewd grey eyes which had plainly said, "My dear Kirkland, yesterday you were the means of depriving this young woman of the surgical post on

the grounds of unfitness, and to-day you plead on her behalf, telling me that she has ability and competence."

"Look here," he admitted, a little defiantly, "you can think anything you want, but I know this game better than you do, and I'm not going to see you wreck your whole career because of a stupid misunderstanding which can very easily be straightened out."

"Shh!" she broke in. "Celia doesn't know a word of this."

His lips twitched. "Heaven help you when she finds out about it."

"Heaven help me."

"It isn't too late, however. There's one thing you can do. Celia will never be the wiser if you go to Bates in the morning and smooth his ruffled ego by a judicious and well-turned apology."

He felt clever in attacking the situation under the guise of humor; but she was not to be disarmed. He could see her stiffen.

"That's quite impossible," she cut in. "The reasons are obvious. I think luncheon's ready for us." She moved towards the table, terminating the conversation with the same ruthless quality of dispatch with which she had doubtlessly handled the small boy some moments before.

KIRKLAND, too, felt rather like a small boy, chastened and apologetic, as he unfurled the voluminous snowy napkin and spread it over his knees. He hadn't seen a napkin as big as this for years. He liked big napkins. He liked flowers on a table also, and he liked heavy old-fashioned knives and forks that gleamed brightly. Dr. Margaret Ferris evidently did very well for herself in a manless

household. But when Celia marched in with a covered casserole his hopes vanished. He feared the worst.

A covered casserole could mean anything from mashed sweet potatoes to creamed leftovers. The cover removed, however, his eyes widened with the pleasant surprise of it. A kidney stew can be an art or a desecration. He sniffed. The odor of spices rose to him. This was to be a real stew—pleasant, and civilised.

He helped himself liberally. Then, sparing one of the firm, brown, succulent rosettes, he carried it to his mouth. "Good heavens," he said.

"I hope you like kidneys. Celia doesn't fuss much with lunch as a rule."

If there was an odd note of innuendo in Margaret Ferris' voice he put it down as the pardonable side-play of one who enjoys a magnificent cook. "Does she ever do tripe?" he asked humbly.

Celia pretended to be deaf. She kept on tossing lettuce leaves in a wooden salad bowl replete of garlic and the rich smell of well-cured oil.

"Dr. Kirkland wants to know if you can do things with tripe, Celia."

Celia smiled, a closed, sly smile. She wasn't going to warm up too quickly, but it was easy to be seen that tripe lay pretty close to her heart. "I don't mess it all up with a lot of green peppers and tomatoes," she warned him angrily.

"I'll wager you don't," he agreed devoutly. "You're not a cook, Celia, you're a poet."

She made no reply, but she covered a pleased smirk with the back of her hand.

It wasn't until they had finished the coffee that he spoke of the Deane case. "I saw the first X-ray." He hesitated. He noted the way Margaret Ferris gripped the table, saw a little pulse beat out in her slim throat.

"Please. Go on," she urged him. "I won't be upset if I was wrong. I want to be wrong."

"But you're not wrong." She half-rose from the table. He reached towards her impulsively. "You've let this case get under your skin. You mustn't. You made a brilliant diagnosis. It's a feather in your medical cap."

"It's a feather I'd rather see in someone else's cap." She fell silent. He lit a cigarette. "Immediate operation is indicated, of course," she said after a pause.

HE snapped his lighter and slipped it back into his pocket. "Yes. And since this is your case, I should like you to suggest the surgeon."

"But I'm not Philip Deane's physician, I've never treated him." He had the sense that she was cognisant of the impasse towards which they were drawing, and tacitly he acknowledged the implication that Deane had now become his patient. "Normally, I'd refer the case to the hospital staff," he said. "Under the circumstances, I can't see my way clear to do so. I realise that you would not be likely to approve."

"No, I would not." He rather liked the way she said it. There was no effort to explain or deny the legitimate element of personal animosity towards Bates. There were so few people who weren't forever going around explaining their positions.

"On the other hand," he continued, "it's going to be awkward for everyone concerned if we go outside the hospital service."

"But it isn't necessary to go outside the service."

What was she driving at? "Look here." He faced her. "Do you want to do this operation yourself? You're still on the staff, you know, until the board formally accepts your resignation."

Her gaze was clear. "Would you approve?"

He ground his cigarette out angrily on his saucer. "That's an unfair question to put up to me. You know my views on women in medicine, and particularly in surgery. The fact that you've made this diagnosis on Deane doesn't change my attitude. It might have been luck or intuition. A little of both perhaps."

He expected her to protest at that. But she only said, without rancor, "Luck and intuition, plus hard work, form the basis of all science."

He had the grace to feel a little ashamed of himself. "Don't think for a moment that I'm minimising what you've done."

"Don't think I'm trying to make stock of it, either," she broke in.

"I'm convinced that you aren't. Furthermore, I grant your skill, though I've never seen you function as a surgeon. But suppose you did operate on Deane? If you lost the case it would smash you up, completely and forever. You're too emotionally tied into things to be impersonal. But if you were a man, and things went beyond your control, you'd accept the fact that it was not your fault or responsibility."

"Which all points back to Joey Pinello," she finished for him.

"I'm afraid so. If that child had died under your knife, you wouldn't be sitting here now."

"You're wrong. I'd have known that I'd done my best, and if my best weren't good enough I'd recognise that I oughtn't to be a surgeon. However, we're arguing at cross-purposes. I have neither the wish nor the right to operate on Philip Deane. But even without Bates or myself, you wouldn't have to go beyond the hospital service."

"Not Carter?"

Please turn to Page 10

Cert-to-sell
SHORT STORIES

A Vis. Weekly paid £7/15/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note some examples:
"Nocturne," printed by "Smith's," recently brought me between £3 and £5.
"My last story, 'The Darling of Hovart Town,' was published by ... I received £6/19/6 for it."
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"The Bulletin' has printed my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it."
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She Wanted to
Lose Weight
AND LOST EXACTLY
14 LBS.

"I was 17 stone 4 lbs. and too heavy
and overweight," writes Mrs. R. "For a
time I have been taking Pinkettes every
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When unusually fat, overweight, sick
headache, pimples, bad breath are due to
a congested food tract, you cannot do
better than take gentle Pinkettes, which
are excellent for the treatment of con-
stipation and sluggish liver. These tiny
laxative and liver pills are compounded
of safe vegetable ingredients which gen-
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poisons and accumulations, banishing un-
usually fat, spots and pimples, and
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drowsiness. See how happy, fit and attrac-
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Get a 1/2 bottle to-day—at all chemists
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INSTANTLY REDUCE
your WAIST and HIPS
with a FIGURE CONTROL CORSET;
the CORSET that NEVER lets
you down!

No need now for dieting, or to take
dangerous drugs or tiring exercises.
The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET



will give you a
slimmer, snarer,
more youthful
figure, enabling
you to wear chic,
youthfully-cut
clothes immedi-
ately.

Your figure is
beautiful with
hips and thighs.
every move you
make. The FIGURE CONTROL
CORSET corrects your figure faults
... providing wonderful ease
and comfort whilst reducing, sup-
porting and controlling the abdomen.
Bulges are smoothed out ... you
actually reduce at waist, hips and
thighs. You look and feel so much
younger so much smarter.

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET has
an exclusive ADJUSTABLE fold-over
front, with perfectly flat, patented
fastenings. No hooks or lacing. No
back opening. The elastic inserts

have an underlay of slightly loose
sheer lining for stretch control, al-
lowing for slight expansion and con-
traction with every movement of the
body, and thus gently, almost im-
perceptibly, clearing away the fat
which has accumulated in the tis-
sues. It has flexible, spiral steel
boning, permitting you to bend for-
wards, backwards, sideways, easily
and freely, slimming and disciplin-
ing your curves without restricting
your freedom.

As comfortable to wear as a well-
fitting glove, the FIGURE CONTROL
CORSET keeps you UP and it keeps
you IN. My clients call it, "the
Corset that NEVER
lets you down."
Tailor-cut and tail-
or-made to solve
YOUR figure prob-
lem. Light and
strong, yet per-
fectly flexible, it
will keep its
lovely lines as
long as it is worn.



Abolish Waistline
Fat and Rear Bulge.

FIGURE CONTROL CORSET
SENT ON
7 Days' FREE TRIAL

I want you to know more about the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET and my
personal, individual, corsetry service. You can prove, quickly and definitely,
that the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET will reduce your waist and hips, give
comforting support and uplift to your abdomen, and lovely, slim, youthful
grace and energy to your figure.
I invite you to wear the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days at my
expense. You'll be thrilled with the results. If not perfectly satisfied, you
can return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Post the
FREE coupon, now.

Women in White

Continued from Page 9

face. Medicine would burn her out
within five years ...
"Keep him in bed, I'm sure it's
nothing. Of course you must go—
I'll be over in an hour ... That
was Edna Deane," she told him, as
she put the receiver back into its
cradle.

He quickened with interest.
"What's wrong?"
"It's Terry, the little one. He has
a sore throat, and a temperature of
a hundred and eight-tenths. She's
worried about him." Her voice grew
unsteady with the heartbreaking
irony of it. "And that isn't all. She
says her husband just bought tickets
for the theatre to-night. Some sort
of a celebration."

Kirkland hoped he didn't look as
uncomfortable as he felt. "The poor
chap apparently doesn't know what's
hanging over his head," he ventured.
"I think he does. I think he's
guessed. You see, it must have been
some sort of celebration on the spur
of the moment—he must have tele-
phoned her from the hospital."

Kirkland found her reasoning dif-
ficult to follow. "Isn't your psychol-
ogy a little mixed up? Does a man
who feels he's doomed want to take
his wife out to a theatre? Wouldn't
he be more apt to want to crawl in
a corner?"
"Not necessarily. I just have the
feeling that something lies behind
this."

"Half your feeling is right—some-
thing does lie behind it. But the
other half's all wrong. Philip
Deane doesn't know what's ahead of
him. On the contrary, he's under
the impression that the tests are
negative. He's going out to cele-
brate because a fool woman doctor,
who tried to scare him, doesn't know
what she's talking about."

He saw a smile pull at the corners
of her lips. "Your compliment is
a little left-handed, Dr. Kirkland,
but I accept it in the spirit in which
it was meant. Then again, I resent
your cocksure manner. My theory is
as good as yours. If I'd discovered,
in one way or another, that there
was a very real chance that I was

going to die, I'd want to snatch a
few more hours with the person that
I most loved—without facing that
chance."
"It's a relief to hear you say
that."

"Because that's the way I figured
it out."

"What do you mean?"
"I saw Deane after I'd looked at
the X-ray. I didn't tell him what
I'd found. Instead, I suggested a
good dinner and a show— He
stopped. He didn't like the expres-
sion that came over her face. It
wasn't any of her business, anyway.
He said, a little truculently, 'If you
don't approve of the prescription,
you can change it when you go over
there this afternoon to see the
youngster.'"

"But I do approve," she protested.
Now he was certain that there were
tears filling her eyes; he could even
hear them choke up into her voice.
Confound it, he was right. Women
were too sentimental to be in medi-
cine."

"You're not very hard-boiled after
all, are you?" She moved towards
him and held out her hand. Her
clasp was firm as a man's, but her
fingers were soft and pliable within
his grasp. "I want to thank you
for giving them this one night
together," she said softly. "It was
the way a woman would have prac-
tised medicine."

He laughed a little to cover the
warm confusion which flooded him at
her physical touch. "There's a dirty
dig in that."

She laughed, too.
The quick buzz of the doorbell
caused them to look at each other a
little guiltily. Cella bustled along
the hall, clicking her tongue.

"I ... that's a
patient," Margaret observed, "my
practice has certainly been putting
on airs for you to-day."
But it wasn't a patient. A man's
voice boomed out, "Hi, there, Cella,
I'm a little late, but I'll have my
kidneys, anyway!"
"Your kidneys are gone," Cella
stated succinctly. She avoided her
mistress' narrowed eyes, as she
piloted a tall, sandy-haired indi-
vidual to the living-room door. "I'll
whip you up an omelette," she mut-
tered, and vanished.

Kirkland decided that if Margaret
Ferris were the sort of woman to go
into a flurry, she'd be flurried at
this moment. But her manner
remained composed. "Hello, John.
This is a surprise—one of Cella's
better ones, Dr. Kirkland, Mr. Bruce."
Kirkland sized him up—the joo-
se-jointed, easy build and the spiritual
integration that lay behind the
direct blue eyes. Doubtless, this
was the John Bruce whose articles
he had been following on the
European situation. Good stuff,
vital, and sane. He liked the man
—immediately and unequivocally.

He said, "I'm afraid I ate your
kidneys, Mr. Bruce. I can only
assure you that they were excellent."
Bruce showed a row of strong
white teeth. "If Cella's omelettes
weren't a close runner-up, you'd have
to account to me for a whole lot,
Dr. Kirkland."

Apparently Bruce was a frequent
boarder in this household. Kirk-
land suddenly felt as if three were
a crowd. He said, "It's high time
I was on my way back to the hos-
pital—"

"You're going to look in on Cath-
erine Merrill again?" Margaret
Ferris asked.

"Yes. Those injections should
have done their work by this time."

Please turn to Page 12

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—"September comes in with the
wind of the west,
And the spring in her raiment."
Thus springtime in Australia was
hailed by her own poet
Victor Daley—Adam Lindsay
Gordon—Henry Kendall—Henry
Lawson—Dorothea MacKellar.

2.—This will be right into your hands
if you're keen on astronomy. The
earth in its daily trip around the
sun travels rather more than
30 million miles—30 thousand
miles—one and a half million
miles—3 million miles—eight
hundred thousand miles.

3.—Didn't care for the astronomy?
Dear, dear, well try a spot of
geography instead. What must
you add to these to make up the
Seven Seas?
North Pacific—Arctic—An-
tartic—South Pacific—Indian
Ocean.

4.—American policy is of such vital
import in world affairs that we'll
follow her Presidential elections
this year with extra keen interest.
The parties represented respec-
tively by President Roosevelt and
Wendell Willkie are the
Isolationist—Republican—
Nationalist—Democrat—National
Unionist.

5.—Humble little chappies, but very
handy—the sardine and the
anchovy. Do they belong to the
same fish family?
Yes—no.

6.—How does the rank of captain
in our army compare with our air
force rank of group-captain? The
army captain is relatively
Higher—the same—lower.

7.—Even if you don't know a lot
about the American composer
Gershwin, you doubtless know
that he wrote
My Old Kentucky Home—Alex-
ander's Ragtime Band—Ah,
Sweet Mystery of Life—The
Rhapsody in Blue.

8.—Play the game, now. You
mustn't sneak one and have a look,
but say from memory which of
these is on our two shilling piece.
One florin—two shillings.

9.—A famous ruler chose golden heels
as the decoration for his
Coronation mantle. He was

Napoleon—Charlemagne—
Frederick the Great—Nero—
Peter the Great.

10.—In conclusion, how quaint is
our English language! Whereas
to mime means to act with mimic
gesture, a mimeograph is
An implement used in motion-
picture photography—an appar-
atus for making stencils of
written pages—an instrument
that records underwater distur-
bances—a tool used in testing
hydraulic pressure.

Answers on Page 34

Hairdresser Gives
Advice on
Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made
Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has
been a hairdresser in Sydney for
the past ten years, gives this advice:
"There is nothing to equal the
remedy for grey hair, made up from
an ounce of Bay Rum, 4 ounces of
Glycerine and a small box of Orizel
Compound, mixed with a half-pint
of water. Any chemist can supply
these ingredients at a small cost
and the mixing is so easy you can
do it yourself and save the extra
expense."
"By combing this liquid through
grey hair you can turn it any shade
you like, black, brown, or light
brown, besides making it glossy and
fluffy, and free from itchy dandruff."
It is perfectly harmless, free
from stickiness, grease or gum, and
does not rub off. It should make
any grey haired person vastly more
youthful in appearance.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Goings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• JEAN GIBSON and Mrs. Ken Bower drink a toast to the bride—Joyce Lotherington—at spinners' dinner . . . Pickwick Club. Joyce weds Charles Ryerson.



• W.A.N.S. in uniform . . . Marguerite Macgregor and Mrs. T. A. Greaves show that their new blue uniforms are smart as well as serviceable.



• SLIM ANKLES—Mary Jensen measures Mrs. Hans Robertson's ankles as preliminary to Monte Carlo party this Friday at Australia . . . for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind.



• LADY WAKEHURST and Sir Sam Cohen share a joke at inspection of new Lady Gowrie Child Centre, Erskineville.

September brides . . .

BUSY days for Joan Robinson and Molly Carey . . . both marry on September 14, afternoon ceremonies. Joan will wear blue afternoon frock when she goes to St. Mark's to wed Captain Charles Mant.

Simple ceremony, no attendants, small reception afterwards at her parents' Double Bay home. Groom due to arrive by plane from Brisbane day before ceremony. They return north together.

Molly's wedding to Peter Norton-Knight is at Bowral, reception at Bowral Golf Club. Bridal array will be completed by Margaret Welsh's tulle veil. Marcia Carey is bridesmaid.

Both Peter and his best man, brother Gerald, are in camp at Warwick Farm . . . getting leave for wedding.

Sydney guests include Sir Claude and Lady Reading and Noel Heaths. Lots of Osborne clan will be there, too . . . groom's mother was an Osborne.

Speaking of spring . . .

MRS. HUGH POATE'S pillbox toque of crisp white daisies with yellow centres.

Early Victorian posy worn over one eye by Mrs. Sam Stirling at cocktail hour.

Mrs. Fred Wolf's new cakewalk sailor (hat to you) . . . dusty-blue linen with narrow pleated brim.

Take a lesson . . .

CERTAINLY is a lesson for bored members of present generation when that slim, graceful great-grandmother, Mrs. Edmund Playfair, is first on dance floor at pre-view cocktail party of Model City Exhibition, David Jones'. Partnered by John L. Ruthven.

Newly-married Joy Russell French, recuperating from measles, arrives with husband. Wears smart navy felt with two upstanding red quills in signalling effect.

Other sidelights . . . Charlie Lloyd Jones startling speech "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking" . . . Mrs. Lloyd Jones sporting two grown cattleyas . . . Chief Warden Docker playing darts . . . professional touch lent by barmen Reg Bettington and Jim Bancks . . . Lady Davidson, surrounded with Vice-Regals, picking white cotton from Sir Alfred's coat with time-worn phrase "Fair girl chasing you" . . .

Very North Shore . . .

BOTH Jean Down and her mother, Mrs. Norman Down, get measles over just in time to concentrate on trousseau and pre-wedding doings . . . Jean weds Lester Minchin this Saturday.

Very North Shore this wedding. Bride hails from Lindfield, groom from Chatswood, bridal attendants from nearby suburbs, and ceremony is at St. Alban's, Lindfield.

Lester's sister, Mrs. Ralph Doyle (matron of honor) gives cocktails at Killara home this Tuesday. Bride feted also by Mrs. Hugh Minchin and her bridesmaids, Betty Crisp and Hope Stacy.

Newly-weds plan to leave for South Australia after wedding . . . bridegroom has relations and business there.

Doing their bit . . .

DROP into Royal Sydney for Thursday afternoon tea and find hosts of well-knowns stitching and knitting. Down in basement long rolls of flannelette are being transformed into pyjamas and shirts by small army, which includes Lady Keith Smith, Mesdames Roy Buckland, Colin Sinclair, Darvall Barton, Jim Raine, John Stuart, and Nini Bayly.

Purl and plain-ers are Mesdames L. T. Morshead, Norman McGie, A. E. Andrews, and Rose Merivale and Georgie Taylor.

Smart young feller . . .

SAID a five-year-old youngster from Woolloomooloo nursery to Acting Minister for Health (Mr. Primrose) at Day Nursery meeting: "What's your name?" "Primrose," said he.

"Garn," said smart young feller, "you can't kid me. That's a flower."

Rubies to match . . .

POP-EYED with envy when I see super wedding gifts showered on 20-year-old Joan McGrath . . . arctic fox coat from her mother, diamond and ruby brooch from father, ruby eternity ring from bridegroom Ian Hepworth.

Joan's engagement ring is rubies and diamonds, so now she has a few "extras" to match.

Collection of young lovelies attend ceremony at St. Mary Magdalene's and reception at Australia. Joan Hodgson tops her fair hair with pink camellias and tulle . . . gold sequin jacket covers russet chiffon frock.

Bunty Fell, fiancée of groomsmen Owen Hepworth, pretty in bouffant pale green net appliqued with silver.

Young marrieds among guests include the Gill Prattons and Ned Theodores. Thea Vickery arrives with fiancé Frank Dougall. Others who toast bride and groom are Betty Considine, Ruth Walker, Marie Crisp, Shirley Arnot, "Happy," Janet and Joan McPhee.

No waste . . .

MRS. ALBERT M. DOYLE is selling tickets for hand-knitted frock (her own work) in aid of American Society's Red Cross Fund.

Books of tickets, tied with piece of wool to show buyers the color, are made from last year's Christmas cards.

Heard around town . . .

WORTHWHILE proceeds of young socialites' fete at the Bill Crossings' home . . . £130.

A pet white rabbit is being taken to parties in Adelaide by Mrs. Bob Godsall.

Melbourne's blonde Phyl Timmins, frequent visitor to Sydney, has chosen September 18 for wedding at St. John's, Toorak. Bridegroom-elect is Selwyn Bates.

And seen . . .

PAT MILSON and Mick Middleton choosing lovely sapphire and diamond engagement ring. Pat comes to town from Bowring home, Lavestock, to celebrate engagement . . . She is staying with Mick's mother, Mrs. Rex Middleton, at Park Lane Mansions.



• SELF-SERVICE for Mrs. John Laidley at Joan Waterhouse's Hawaiian Roundabout buffet luncheon. Proceeds to help establish Koritane cot.



• "IS THIS STRAIGHT?" asks Barbara Schrader, hanging posters to decorate new V.A.D. luncheon-room, George Street.



• SHIRLEY and Sandy Pye give Wonky last-minute instructions before dogs' gymkhana begins at Edgecliff . . . in aid of Naval War Auxiliary.



• YOUTHFUL Pat Milson, the Peter Milson's eldest daughter, who announces engagement to Mick Middleton, A.I.F.

The Case of MARCIA B.



CASE No. 7078
NAME: Marcia B. Age: 24
Occupation: Typist.
Symptoms: Irregular bowel action. Signs of chronic indigestion. Frequent headaches. Nervousness. Bitchy disposition. Sleeps badly. Loss of energy.
Diagnosis: Constipation. Marked evidence of absorption of toxins (poisons) into bloodstream—gradually undermining whole system.
Treatment: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figsen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally—without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets .. 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION



LUMBAGO

MUSCLES SOOTHED AT ONCE

Pain Driven Clean Out
Don't be a martyr to crippling lumbago pains! One application of St. Jacob's Oil and your agonizing pains go. First you feel your skin begin to glow. Second, your afflicted muscles relax... pain goes. You actually feel this soothing oil sinking deep into your painful muscles. You feel it drawing the pain clean out! St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Always keep a bottle handy. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.

BRUCE was interested. "Isn't that the girl who dashed into the burning car?" Kirkland nodded.

"Yes," Margaret added, "and not the type you'd expect; she's fragile as a lily."

"It was a fine story," Bruce commented. "Makes you believe in breeding. And after watching a civilisation gone amuck with materialism, it gives you some added faith in human nature."

Kirkland smiled. Even the cynicism of John Bruce's world showed its streak of romanticism. He glanced again at his watch. He found himself wanting to get back to the simple haven of Catherine Merrill's darkened room. He felt a little disgruntled. Margaret Ferris was too involved. There was nothing fragile or lilylike about her. But if she wanted to be a surgeon, if she was so bent on a man's career, what was John Bruce doing in her life? It was he, doubtless, who had taken her to Louie's last night.

He was at the door, almost ready to step into the lobby, when it happened. Celia flew out, her eyes blazing. "Did you know that boy left his dog here, Miss Margaret? I just went into your surgery and there it was, big as life, sound asleep on a pile of clean towels!"

Margaret Ferris didn't blink an eyelash. This, evidently, was the trump card she had been holding against Celia's high-handed tyranny. "It's not the little boy's dog any longer," she explained pleasantly, smoothly. "It's our dog, Celia, and its name is Tommy."

Dr. Margaret Ferris slipped on a white gown and surveyed her preparations.

The telephone rang. She reached for it, but Celia slapped her hand away. "How do you think you'll get anywhere answering your own calls?" she demanded.

"What do you expect it'll be, a thousand-dollar consultation?" Margaret's voice sounded shrill and brittle in her own ears. For sheer character building, she amended sweetly, "Say that Dr. Ferris is very busy on an important case and can't speak to anyone, not to anyone at all."

Celia picked up the receiver. "Dr. Ferris's surgery," she announced in her best manner. Her tone changed. "Oh, she's busy with a case, Dr. Kirkland, she can't speak to anyone, not to anyone at all."

Margaret dropped the lid of the steriliser with a bang. "Give me that telephone, you idiot!" She laughed. "Not you, Bill, it's Celia shooting off again... Yes, she adores you, but she won't admit it."

Of course I have an important case. Yes, Tommy... Yes, drop in if you like. I'm pretty green on mass production."

She hung up and hoped she didn't look as foolishly happy as she felt. "Tommy, my angel." She bent over her patient, tweaking one of the silky ears, "you're going to have the best medical attention in the

country, Kirkland and Ferris. Can you beat it?"

"It's downright stupid calling her 'Tommy,'" Celia stated with disapproval.

"Try and get her to answer to anything else."

Celia's smile was smug. "She almost answers to 'Princess'."

"Princess," Margaret lingered over the appellation, "Masterly, Celia—what's the meaning of that?" she broke off as footsteps sounded.

Dr. Kirkland stuck his head in from the waiting-room. "Your front door was open. Sorry I startled you," he apologized.

She felt giddy with the sweet shock of having him so suddenly close. "Where'd you phone from—the lobby?"

"The corner shop."

"Have you had your supper?" Celia asked, trying to be ungracious about it.

"I've eaten, thanks, Celia. Just coffee."

Celia departed kitchenwards.

"What were you doing in this part of town?" Margaret asked.

"Oh, I had someone to look in on, and I thought I'd give you a call."

Her interest quickened. "Philip Deane?"

"No, but I saw him this afternoon. He was in my surgery. I'll tell you about it later."

"Oh. Another case..."

She didn't believe him but she was going to trip him up in his story. It had become something of a habit with him to call her up and drop in with the excuse that he had a case in the neighborhood.

"You're having a lot of patients in my territory these days," she remarked. "Do you think it very sporting to butt into another physician's neighborhood and start snapping up all the business?"

He grinned. "Things beginning to shape up for you?" he asked casually.

She nodded. "Patients pouring in by the dozen."

She saw his guarded glance at her appointment calendar. The day's sheet represented a lot of white paper, and the two cases noted on it were an industrial insurance examination and first aid to the smashed finger of a maid up on the fifth floor.

"That's fine about the practice," he acknowledged. "It looks like no operation for Deane." He finally said, "and it isn't any of the reasons we were afraid we'd run into. After stalling around for five weeks, isn't it?—he simply told me that even if the diagnosis were correct, he'd rather take six months or a year to get his affairs in order than run the chance of dying on the table, or being bedridden and helpless in the event that surgery can't save him."

"Thank you." She felt a sudden gnawing emptiness, a sudden devastating sense of being on the outside looking in. For the first time since her resignation from the hospital she almost found herself wishing that she had accepted any compromise, followed any course other than closing herself off from the work that filled so large a part of her life.

"By the way—" and she was glad to change the subject lest she betray the intensity of conflict that surged within her—"I had a note from a patient of yours this morning."

"Yes? Who?"

"Catherine Merrill."

Women in White

Continued from Page 10

Margaret bit her lip. "Oh, confound what marriage does to people!" she burst out.

"That's a terrible thing to say. He's only doing it because he loves his wife."

Margaret turned on him. "Has he forgotten that his wife loves him? She wants his life, not the purchase of a few dollars' worth of security at the cost of his life."

"Then why abuse marriage?" he asked her curiously.

"Because its material responsibilities blind one to the spiritual responsibilities. Philip Deane's so tied up with himself as a wage-earner that he doesn't realise his wife would rather scrub floors than let him make a sacrifice like that."

"Then let her do something about it."

"I don't think she knows."

"Hasn't she talked to you?"

"I haven't seen her. When patients don't like a diagnosis, they're apt to shift their allegiance."

"I've learned that too," he said dryly. "But it seems to me that in this particular instance you're being caught between the upper and the nether stone. If Deane hasn't been frank with his wife, she doubtless thinks you're an alarmist and had no right to interfere in the first place."

"Oh, what difference does it make what she thinks of me—" Margaret caught his arm importantly. "Every day that man waits lessens his chances. Couldn't you have done something to bring him to his senses?"

Celia appeared at the door. "Your coffee's inside."

They drifted to the living-room. Resolutely, Margaret put Philip Deane out of her mind. She lifted the coffee-pot. "No cream—one sugar?"

"Right. This is the coolest place I've struck to-day."

"It has been hot and muggy. Did you have a hard day?"

"Not very. I watched Hausmann do a beautiful job on a patient of mine this morning—the old boy's marvellous."

Margaret's face lit up. "There isn't anyone that can touch him. How is it he's not away?"

"He leaves on the fifteenth, I think he said—asked if I'd seen you and sent his regards."

"Thank you." She felt a sudden gnawing emptiness, a sudden devastating sense of being on the outside looking in. For the first time since her resignation from the hospital she almost found herself wishing that she had accepted any compromise, followed any course other than closing herself off from the work that filled so large a part of her life.

"By the way—" and she was glad to change the subject lest she betray the intensity of conflict that surged within her—"I had a note from a patient of yours this morning."

"Yes? Who?"

"Catherine Merrill."

"CATHETERINE"

What did she want?

"She wanted to come down to see me. She didn't say what for, but I doubt if it will be a professional call. I have an idea she's a little distressed about having asked for me that day in the hospital. I thought I'd write her this evening and set her mind at ease about it."

"You mean not see her?"

"Why make it necessary for her to take a long trip when she's only just getting on her feet?" Margaret evaded. It would have been more open to say, "Why encourage an interview that can lead nowhere? She wants to find out if I'm in love with you, and if I am, she wants me to know that she's in love with you, too."

"I wish you'd let her come," he said abruptly. "I'm worried about her."

"I thought you said she was almost entirely well?"

"Physically, yes. But mentally she's down in the depths. Almost a first-rate neurosis. I can't seem to get to the bottom of it."

"Suppose you treat her as if she didn't have any mind at all, and see what happens."

"I'm through my part of the treatment. The thing to do is turn her over to a good general man for a thorough check-up. And come to think of it, you're as good as any," he added.

She laughed. "That's big of you. But I doubt whether Miss Merrill wants to be turned over."

"She doesn't," he admitted. "When I broached sending her to Plimpton she almost hit the ceiling."

"Oh."

"What do you mean, 'Oh'?" he demanded. "You say it like a woman—giving it a lot of unintelligible significance."

"I am a woman," she reminded him.

"That's something I'm not likely to forget," he told her shortly. He rose and paced to the window. Margaret turned out the light by the sofa. Moonlight filtered in through the dark etched pattern of a tree's branches.

"My eyes are tired. You don't mind?" she asked.

"Your being a woman is the cause of the whole confounded mess," he reverted vehemently.

"You couldn't suggest anything that I might do about it? Anyway, what particular mess are you talking about?"

He turned half towards her in the darkness and seated himself on the broad sill. "Your practice, your work at the hospital, your life, where you're going, what you're going to do with it," he ground out viciously.

Silhouetted against the pale light of the window, he was all strength and liteness, with the hard, clean lines of his jaw dominating his physical being. No wonder, thought Margaret, that Catherine Merrill was depressed about the scars she would carry. He was a smart doctor but he had blind spots, and he was leaving out the all-important factor in his handling of the case—he was leaving out the factor of William Kirkland.

Please turn to Page 16

DO YOU KNOW?

MADE FORTUNE READING TEETH!

IN PARIS DURING THE MIDDLE OF THE 18th. CENTURY, A FAMOUS FORTUNE-TELLER CALLED "THE PROFESSOR" AMASSED A HUGE FORTUNE BY READING A PERSON'S CHARACTER FROM THE SHAPE AND POSITION OF THEIR TEETH.

INSTANT DEATH

TO CUT UPPER TEETH FIRST

AMONGST THE WAGGAS

TRIBE OF THE MOUNT KILAMANDJARO

DISTRICT OF EAST AFRICA

A CHILD WHO CUTS UPPER TEETH

BEFORE THOSE OF LOWER JAW IS

PUT TO DEATH INSTANTLY. TO PAY

A PARENT'S GREATEST OBLIGATION

TO CHILDREN IS TO TEACH THEM HOW

TO PRESERVE THEIR TEETH.

Children who use KOLYNOS

guard against DENTAL DECAY

and have strong PEARLY

TEETH.



EBEN FROST

FIRST MAN TO TAKE ETHER

SEPTEMBER, 1846

EBEN FROST RANG THE DOORBELL OF DR. W.T.G. MORTON. HE WANTED HIS TEETH PULPED

QUICKLY AND PAINLESSLY. MORTON, THE DISCOVERER

OF ETHER, EXPLAINED THE FACTS OF ETHER AND THE

DANGER OF DEATH. FROST AGREED. MORTON PULPED

THE TEETH AND FROST LIVED TO BE THE FIRST TO

TAKE ETHER. YOU CAN GUARD AGAINST TOOTHACHE

AND DENTAL DECAY BY USING KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS

KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS. LEAVES YOUR

TEETH SURGICALLY

CLEAN

TRY BRUSH

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

1'3 and 2'.

KILL DECAY GERMS THAT START "BACTERIAL MOUTH."

DENTAL AUTHORITIES AGREE THAT DENTAL DECAY IS CAUSED BY "BACTERIAL MOUTH"—THE DECAY OF FOOD DEPOSITS JAMMED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH. KOLYNOS STOPS "BACTERIAL MOUTH" BY REMOVING THESE DEPOSITS. KOLYNOS BURSTS INTO A SEETHING FOAM OF ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES THAT LEAVE YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN, GLORIOUS WITH NEW LUSTRE. KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORAL WASH WITH NEW LUSTRE. KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORAL WASH

SOME NEW LAUGHS

Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen.



"Pardon, Madame, this is the hat you bought. That's the box you're wearing."



"How many people work in your office?"
"Oh, roughly about one-third of them."



"You ought to go to Sydney—I won the beauty contest there last year!"
"I think I'd like a place with a few more people around!"



SHIP'S OFFICER (as eight bells sound): I'll have to go now, it's my watch below.
OLD LADY: Goodness! Fancy your watch striking as loud as that.

My Secret of Keeping Fit & Well?

Her bright eyes, lovely complexion and radiant health are a joy to behold—and her secret is Bile Beans at bedtime.

Bile Beans tone up the system, improve your health and daily eliminate all food residue. So start to-night with Bile Beans for health and fitness. Purely vegetable.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



Just
Bile Beans
At Bedtime

Brainwaves

*

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

OFFICE-GIRL: I think you're wanted on the phone, sir.
Manager: What do you mean by "think I'm wanted"? Am I wanted or not?

Office-Girl: Well, sir, somebody rang up and said "Is that you, you old crank?"

"I DREAMT last night that you gave me a £10 note."

"Well, since you've been such a nice little wife, you may keep it."

"SHOULD evening dresses ever be worn at bridge parties?"

"No: when playing cards it is only necessary to show your hand."

"YES, my dear, I said to her, 'You're nothing but a stupid, mean-faced, stuck-up swindler, madam.'"

"You called her 'Madam'?"

"Oh, well, politeness costs nothing."

POLICEMAN (to Abo.): This is really terrible, Jackie—deserting your poor wife like you did!

Jackie: If you only knew that woman, boss! I'm no deserter, I'm a refugee, that's what I am.

SECOND (to boxer): Well, old man, I'm afraid you're licked now.

Boxer (gazing dizzily across to opposite corner): Yes, I should have got him in the first round when he was alone.



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Name and Address

An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 7, 1940.

STAND FIRM IN THE FIGHT!



IN summing up the debits and credits of the first twelve months of war the big thing to remember is that John Bull, in the words of a popular song of the last war, "Hasn't shut the shop up yet." We are still fighting after a year which brought disaster to our ally, France, and blow after blow to Britain as Europe crumpled under the Nazi assault.

Hitler has a lot on the credit side of the ledger, but we have something that cannot be expressed in figures.

We've got money in the bank of morale—the irresistible will to win.

For Germany the year just past was to be her victory year—all Britons knew it was to be our year of ordeal.

There is no true analysis of the war situation in battles lost and won—so far these are only opening gambits in the move for final victory.

A truer indication of ultimate success is the temper of the people. This is England's most priceless asset.

It is a far cry from our unpreparedness at the beginning of the war to the armed camp that is England to-day.

The war has hammered out the peoples of the Empire in a sterner pattern. We have caught up with the actualities of war. We have found our marching spirit, which is a very different thing from the Nazi militaristic spirit.

It's a shoulder-to-shoulder spirit which as civilians we have learnt from our wonderful fighting forces.

It is simply fixing eyes on an objective and despite all obstacles marching to it—that is the road we have taken, with victory ahead. We have an Empire leader we trust, we have men that cannot be broken—and women who are steadfast. We have the mounting strength of aeroplanes, guns and ships. All these will add up to final victory in the years ahead.

—THE EDITOR.

LETTERS from the A.I.F.

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A Victorian private to a friend in Melbourne:

"SO this is Palestine! Land of donks with chronic throat trouble. You have no idea just what the donks' interpretation of 'Hee-haw' really is.

"Even the fact that they spend sixty seconds of every minute throughout the night making this awful noise doesn't seem to improve their technique.

"We have 'ships of the desert' laid on—their looks border on insolence.

"It seems strange to open the tent door and find a picture of life being lived even as in the days of Joseph and Mary. A 'paternoster' passed this way not an hour ago.

"His robes were identical with the pictures so often seen in churches depicting the flight into Egypt. The whole place fascinates me.

"The language problem is not as acute as when we arrived. Lots of the phrases come quite naturally now, although the natives are more adept at picking up our pet expressions than we are at theirs. Still, armed with our little red books, we get along."

Private J. A. Delph in Palestine to his sister, Jane Delph, of Mudgee, N.S.W.:

"I GOT to the pictures last night and in a British newspaper saw a short of Australian soldiers on parade at Ingleburn, and I'm darned if it wasn't ourselves! You should have heard the yells."

Sergeant Tayles, with an A.I.F. petrol company in Palestine, to his sister, Miss E. M. Tayles, Kyabram, Vic.:

"LOOKING out of my tent I can see some small birds similar to a willy wagtail in size and build, but colored grey and blue with a white collar. They are pretty and their actions very like those of a mud-lark.

"The other day some of the boys were digging and unearthed a queer little animal, mousy in color and of fur texture, about five inches long and without eyes.

"I nearly trod on a centipede the other day. It was the largest I've ever seen, about six inches long, and one and a half inches wide."

Corporal Arnold to his sister in Adelaide:

"AFTER leaving Capetown we went thousands of miles again and saw land once more.

"We did not go ashore here, but the natives came out in canoes and the boys swapped old socks and sandshoes for fruit.

"The niggers came out in swarms, and the boys certainly gave away everything they could lay their hands on, so the picket thought it was time something was done, and they brought out the fire hoses and played them full force on the poor old nigs.

"But they seemed to enjoy the joke as much as we did."

Winnie the war winner



"But, Major! The sentry's been such a gentleman!"

A private in England to his girl-friend in Sydney:

"HERE I am in England, many thousands of miles away from you. My dear, each man, woman and child here is at fever heat ready for the greatest battle in Britain's history.

"And we Australians are right in the centre of it just waiting to go.

"It is for you and my mother and sister that destiny has wished that I do my damndest to keep you from the evils that brute force is endeavoring to force upon you.

"It will not happen, dear. Keep your chin up."

A captain now in England to his wife in Brisbane:

"THIS is a beautiful country and one can hardly believe that it is at war. The only evidences we have of war are the large numbers of planes flying overhead and the news in the papers.

"Actually the news is not so good. Yet Great Britain will be the rock on which Hitler will perish. It is wonderful to talk to the English Army officers and realise what a powerful defensive and fighting force England really has and how little they are worried about the outcome.

"I think the most marvellous thing about the English soldier is his complete confidence in ultimate success, no matter what hardships may arise.

"I went to London for leave for two days. I was shown over the Tower, and wherever I went in it I was in spirit, sitting with you in front of the wireless listening to those historical dramas we used to like so much."

Private Con Jones in Palestine to a friend at Petersham, N.S.W.:

"ENCROACHING on the land we occupy here are huge waves of sand; nearby are orchards, cultivated paddocks and flocks of sheep; but behind it all ever the grim, desolate desert, and I can well imagine that these wastes would leave an impression on any race.

"It's impossible to keep scrupulously clean, consequently the Arab doesn't worry much.

"There is no wood, so he divides his ground by lines of prickly pear and thorny brambles. His wells are an enormous depth, sixty, seventy and more feet, and above them usually grows a fig tree.

"Water is drawn by an old wheel turned by a sullenly patient camel, or by the most up-to-date Diesel engine.

"The interiors of some of the dirty, unkempt mud houses are quite nice and comfortable. It must be admitted that by our standards it's a dirty land and yet I've noticed that village streets are devoid of rubbish. In short, it's a country of strange contradictions and assorted standards of living.

"Tel-Aviv, for instance, is in appearance a trifle down-at-heel, newly built but seemingly unfinished, yet there you can find every modern convenience.

"Their cinemas are quite funny. The sound is English, film captions in French, then running down the two sides are explanations in Arabic and Yiddish."

Corporal V. C. Moore, of the A.A.M.C., 1st Convalescent Depot, Palestine, to his wife in Subiaco, W.A.:

"WE have three Arab boys here at the clinic as sweepers. Abdul is our special boy, and though he looks pretty fierce he isn't a bad chap really.

"The other week I gave him a present for each of his three children, and he's now my friend for life—he does my washing, nearly scrubs the things to bits in fact, and absolutely refuses to accept any money.

"Yesterday the three boys rushed to me in a great state—they had been accused of stealing a watch from the shower-room and wanted me to vouch for their honesty.

"I said the boys were all right. Nothing further was done in the matter, so now they can't do enough for me.

"I tried out some Arabic on one the other day. 'I am a poor man and have no money,' I said, and the beggar wanted to give me his week's wages.

"So you see we get along pretty well with the Arabs."

Seaman A. B. Sanders, of Brighton, S.A., on H.M.A.S. Hobart:

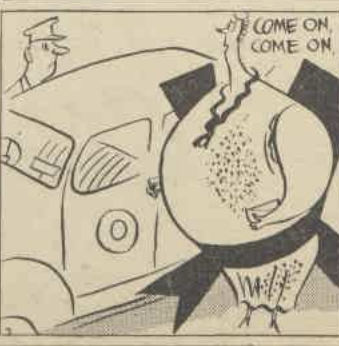
"DON'T be alarmed. There has been a birth in the Hobart—a breakfast egg gave birth to a chicken.

"The cook kept it as a pet, and talked to it all day. Twice a day it was taken for a walk on the deck. It was a funny sight to see it following the cook around. It was very tame. Bad luck, though. The chicken died.

"Celebrated my 19th birthday with a nice long black beard. Have been growing it for some time.

"Thanks for the jam from you Friendly Naval Union people in Adelaide. It was corker!"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



MEET MURGATROYD MURPHY, the two-faced 'cop'!



A problem in modern literature for the intelligentsia

Little is heard these days of Murgatroyd Murphy, the man with the malleable face.

This strange character was always two paces in front of himself, never caught up with himself, and when he stood still he wasn't there. This may be hard to understand, but these things happen.

MURPHY had no control over his features. This was due to a gland deficiency and lack of Vitamin K.

Quite frequently he couldn't recognise himself and ultimately came to regard himself as an utter stranger.

One day when he was walking behind himself he collided with himself and merged him-

self and became a dual personality.

(That's the hardest part of this narrative. I'm glad it's over.)

Dual personality is not so uncommon as you may think.

I have frequently heard my grandmother, Leonora, describe my grandfather as a "street angel and house devil."

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

"It's a remarkable thing," she said, "how nice you can be when you're away from home—
—you hound!"

This goes to show that the case of Murgatroyd Murphy is not unique.

It should be obvious to the meanest intellect that one cannot be always as one would wish.

When you realise what a complicated organism—Hang it! I should never have mentioned it! That's what comes from reading advertisements like "Do you feel like a million dollars in the morning? If not, take Gruesome Pills."

The plot thickens

I AM fostering a new form of journalism. Nobody likes it, but you may get used to it after a while.

It doesn't mean anything—like our leading article—but we go in for drastic grammar.

Murgatroyd Murphy died in an attic. His landlady, Martha Guy, who was always sniffing, knew more than has been divulged.

Murphy, who previously died in the attic, was later seen disguised in the streets of Paris as a car-minder. Flat-foot Flanigan was responsible for the arrest.

Strangely enough, Flanigan was Murgatroyd Murphy.

If you've got anything to say, say it right now or for ever hold your peace. You've got to be tough to take this modern literature.

MAKES YOU FEEL WELL

Just because you're getting on in years doesn't mean you have to feel old. Nature—with the help of modern medicine—has created a wonderful tonic which packs into your system the sparkle and vitality of youth. This tonic is WINCARNIS. The astounding total of over 25,000 recommendations from medical men is the most unshakable proof that WINCARNIS will do you good, too. WINCARNIS is the rich blend of choice wine and two kinds of vitamins essential to health. The first glass sends through your whole body the lift and liveliness of the vigour which whisks away depression and revives your brain, heart and nerves. WINCARNIS is the "No Waiting Tonic"—the first glass does you good. Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day!

It was lucky that the police sergeant who saw Flanigan bring Murphy into the police station was also Flanigan.

It was lucky for everybody concerned that the police sergeant who saw Flanigan bring Murphy into the police station was also Flanigan.

(Have a rest now. You'll feel better in a minute.)

If ever I'm given another chance—I'm only a young man—I'll never do this again.

"Ha!" gloated Murphy.

"So we've got you at last!"

"Have I?" said the constable.

"Listen to me," said Flanigan, "Do you know who I am?"

"Does it matter?" said the sergeant, wearily.

A haggard woman laughed hysterically in her cell. She was Murphy's mother.

"Can't we settle this thing in a gentlemanly way?" said Johnson.

The reader is now entitled to say, "Who the devil is Johnson?"

Frankly, we don't know. We are not here to answer silly questions.

The intelligentsia will know instinctively. This is not a story for the mob mind.

Nobody ever knew who set fire to the police station. But they guessed. I could tell you, perhaps, but that would spoil your fun in finding out.

I should have put in a deaf and dumb Russian peasant woman with a deformed ear but I think it's kinder to educate you in modern literature in small doses.

If you're not neurotic enough to stand it, I recommend a book I am publishing shortly. "Trout-flies at Cambridge." It's lovely and dull.

And in case you think that this modern style of writing is all hooey, try it yourself.

What I want now is a cup of black coffee.

Of course, he said, flipping the hair back from his forehead, "I am just a voice crying in the wilderness." Which, after all, is a good place to cry.

The Canteen's Favorite! KIWI ARMY TAN



Australians at home and overseas have given a tremendous welcome to the new Kiwi Army Tan. No wonder either, because this deep, rich, red-brown shade has long been popular (not only with Australians but with British Forces in many parts of the world) under its former name—Mahogany. So, because it suits the soldiers' needs so well in colour, in quick polishing and in waterproofing boots, we have given the Kiwi shade a more fitting name—ARMY TAN.

Because Kiwi Army Tan possesses a powerful dye which penetrates deep into the pores of the leather, a little goes a long way, making the rich colour and brilliant shine last longer.

All stores and canteens have new, fresh stocks of Kiwi Army Tan—ask for it by name and refuse any substitute that may not satisfy you.

THERE'S A KIWI POLISH GUARANTEED A-1 FOR EVERY SERVICE
ARMY TAN DARK TAN BLACK



Since when
have YOU been
using GIBBS?



Going . . . going . . . gone! Don't let that happen to your teeth—keep them sound and sparkling-white with Gibbs! Its refreshing foam makes your gums stay pink and firm—and what a clean healthy taste it leaves in your mouth!

Housewives say that Gibbs is amazingly economical too. The 1/- tin lasts for 116 days and the 1/6 tin for 216 days. That's a bargain too good to be missed!

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Small Tins . . . 1/-
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Large Refills . . 1/3



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BURNS

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Treat burns immediately with Rexona Ointment and save trouble later on. Rexona soothes pain and prevents painful blistering. Where the skin is broken, smear Rexona thickly on a bandage and apply gently. Rexona's mild medications prevent infection and in a few days a complete new skin will form. You never know when accidents will happen - so always keep Rexona handy.



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"DON'T try to pull the wool over my eyes," he continued impatiently. "You haven't got a practice here, and you won't be likely to get one. You're bucking too many obstacles."

"I'm not standing still," she insisted. "I have an appointment pending for a clinic, and there's an industrial job that's mine for the asking."

"Do you ever plan to marry?" She was aware that he was waiting for her answer. "Why meet a problem before it arises?" she asked.

"And it hasn't arisen? Not with John Bruce or anyone else?" His tone was studiously casual. She hoped that she would be as successful in schooling her own voice. Yes, she had thought of marriage. But she had begun to think of it in relation to Bill Kirkland, where John Bruce had never made her think of anything but how to keep him from being hurt in the wanting of something that she couldn't give to him.

"No, it hasn't arisen," she replied with honesty.

"If the problem of marriage ever did arise," he pursued, a little doggedly, "what would you do about medicine? Going on with all this?"

"Bill—" she always stumbled a little over his name, and usually avoided using it—"I'm a surgeon. I believe in myself as a surgeon. I'm compelled to it. I could never give it up without feeling that there was some part of me unexpressed. I could never give up medicine and be happy, and when I have thought of marriage I've always thought that it could go hand in hand with my being a doctor."

She waited for his reaction. It came with a brief "I see." And then aloud, "You're asking a great deal of life."

"Perhaps," she agreed tonelessly. "Medicine," he reminded her, "isn't like other professions. A woman might be able to share marriage with some careers, but there's no time out in medicine. There are no hours you can call your own. It asks for all of you and it takes all of you."

"But that's sophistry," she argued.

Women in White

Continued from Page 12

"Suppose you were in love with a woman and she were to say to you, 'No, I won't marry you, because I don't want to embark upon a life that will be invaded endlessly by my husband's work. No vacations, never a theatre, or a party that we can count on being able to get to. Never a night when we can be sure of not being interrupted by some call.'"

"I'd never love a woman who could think like that!" he burst out in angry expostulation. He smiled. "All right," he said, "you've got a first-rate argument, only it doesn't hold water. A man and a woman are different."

"How are they different?" "Well, I'll tell you. A man earns a living and supports his family, and a wife has her hands full taking care of her home. And if it doesn't work that way, I don't call it a marriage."

"I'm fagged and tired," he went on irrelevantly. "I haven't been away for years. I've about decided to make a break for it, get in my car and go off somewhere for a couple of weeks."

"Where?" Margaret's lips moved stiffly.

"Oh—I don't know. Anywhere," he answered without interest. "Vermont. New Hampshire—maybe Canada."

"I envy you a trip like that." She spoke lightly, but her heart was full and heavy. She knew the moment he mentioned going away, how much she was in love with him. He caught her shoulders and turned her towards him. "When are you going to grow up?" he demanded harshly.

She wanted to protest, when a sharp clearing of Celia's throat warned her that they were not alone.

"While the best medical attention in the country have been drinking their coffee," she announced with irony, "Tommy and me have had two puppies."

Margaret raced for the surgery, dropping to her knees beside the

proud mother. "Oh, Tommy, you and Celia are wonderful!"

At that moment the telephone rang and Celia reached for it. "It's the hospital for you," she told Kirkland.

"For me? Curse." He took the instrument. "Yes, Miss McCarthy. . . Have you given the digitals? Very well, keep her quiet, and I'll be there in fifteen minutes." He hung up the receiver and grabbed at his hat, and Margaret walked with him to the door.

"This is what I mean," he told her. "A physician has no life of his own. This sort of thing happens five times a week."

"Yes, you're right," she agreed meekly. "A woman would be insane to try to combine medicine and marriage."

"Look here," he blustered, "we're going to talk about this some more. How about dinner to-morrow night? I mean a real party with all the trimmings," he elaborated impulsively. "Theatre and night club, just as if we were regular people. Do us good."

Her heart lifted. "Oh that would be fun," she accepted joyously.

He was already in the hall when he turned back. "Oh and look here—about Catherine Merrill—I'd like you to see her, will you? Try to make it to-morrow, and we'll talk about that too."

"I will," she promised.

As the door closed, she stood staring into blankness. Then Celia called: "Tommy has eleven puppies."

"What are we going to do with them all?" Margaret queried mildly. Celia mumbled something under her breath, and left the room.

Margaret had it all thought out by morning, however. "We'll keep them until they're weaned and then find homes for them," she announced.

Celia drew her chin in. "Seems you're in a mighty good humor this morning. If you're passing the corner grocery, would you drop this list in? No use leaving the surgery alone, nor yet wasting a phone call."

The corner grocery store was crowded with women and perambulators. It was the first time in the year that she had lived in Twelfth Street that Margaret had ever been inside the store—she realised it with a kind of shock.

A YOUNG man with a white apron and a smooth voice was ready for her order. She gave it, lavishly, enjoying guilt to its utmost. "If my cook wants to send any of these things back, say that it's all right. Dr. Ferris ordered them. And oh—" She'd mislaid the list. She remembered part of it, however. "Send along some salt and ginger," she added brightly. "And some of these—" she gestured to a biscuit barrel, filled with luscious mounds of chocolate fluff.

"Yes, send two pounds—" She remembered biscuit barrels from her childhood. "Do you have those round bunched crackers—you know—they're white and mushy, and look like babies' toes turned up?"

The boy was too young to remember. "Mr. Mullhauser," he appealed to the manager of the store, "do you have those round bunched crackers—" He balked at the babies' toes.

"They tasted like a mouthful of cotton," Margaret took up eagerly, "and reminded you a little of mushrooms upside down."

Mr. Mullhauser remembered. No, not for years he hadn't seen them, but he would try to order some for Dr. Ferris—he would see if he could locate them. "And thank you, Doctor, come in again some time."

"I shall," Margaret promised. She felt joyous, and rich. Women had a wonderful life, she concluded. Her own life approximated at this

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, September 4.

—Patricia Morison. The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party. Yehudi Menuhin.

THURSDAY, September 5.

—June Marsden. Astrology Playlet for Children.

FRIDAY, September 6.

—Patricia Morison. Musical Mix-up.

SATURDAY, September 7.

—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, September 8.

—June Marsden. Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk. World events. Special: Reviewing Amazing Prophecies.

MONDAY, September 9.

—Patricia Morison. Stories Behind the Ballets . . .

—Les Sylphides.

TUESDAY, September 10.

—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

moment all the small pressing joys that usually filled the female existence—dinner with the man she loved, a new dress to be bought, a basketful of warm puppies, and she had just done her own marketing.

She forgot that she was Dr. Margaret Ferris, with no hospital to turn to, no practice to speak of, and nothing to live on but the small annuity that her father had left her. She was happy. Happier than she had ever been in all her life.

"Hello."

She glanced down. "Why Jeff, hello! Has vacation begun already?"

"I've been sick, I can't go to school," said Jeff with ostentation. "I've had asthma again."

She turned to see his mother

motioning him to her side. It was evident that Mrs. Deane found the meeting embarrassing, and would have preferred to pass with only a civil nod of recognition. But Margaret threw pride and discretion to the winds. Edna Deane was not happy, that was clear. There was terror, unexpressed and deadly, driven back into her eyes.

Margaret knew with compassion that it could be no more anguish to face the truth than to face the fear of truth. She held out her hand.

"Hello, Mrs. Deane."

Edna Deane returned the salutation, but her fingers felt tense within Margaret's warm grasp. There was a moment's constrained silence and then Margaret looked down and said to Jeff, "I've got eleven brand-new little puppies in my office. How'd you like to come back with me and see them?"

"Oh, I'm afraid not to-day," Mrs. Deane put in nervously. "We've got to hurry home as soon as I finish marketing."

Jeff, torn between desire and importance, added, "I'm not allowed to go near dogs any more, it gives me an attack, and I haven't got my cat any more, either."

A dull flush stained Edna Deane's pale cheeks, and she signalled Jeff to be still. Margaret couldn't help feeling sorry for her. After all, it was her prerogative to change physicians without apology.

"Jeff looks uncommonly well," Margaret hastened to say, with all the sincerity she could summon. "Whatever you're doing for him apparently agrees with him."

A weight seemed to drop from Edna's harassed shoulders. "Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that," she acknowledged gratefully. "I still do get so panicky when he goes into an attack. I wanted to call you the other day, you've always been so awfully good with him, but—" She faltered a little, and then rushed on with a kind of defiance. "There's no sense beating about the bush, Dr. Ferris, since you gave me that unnecessary anxiety about Phil I've lost confidence in you a little."

To be continued

At Last! A LIQUID "LIP STICK"

★ Smearless!
★ Fadeless!
★ Greaseless!



A thrilling new lip treatment brings eagerly sought release from all the disadvantages of lip-stick. No more smears on tea-cups, pillows or clothes . . . no tell-tale lip prints anywhere! Liquid LIP-GLO has no greasy base. It simply lays a film of glowing colour on the lips . . . colour that stays for hours and hours.

Liquid LIP-GLO contains soothing antiseptic ingredients that protect the delicate lip membrane from the drying and chapping of windburn. Keep lips soft and enticing all day long with liquid LIP-GLO. Obtainable at your favourite chemist, store or beauty salon, or from . . . Philip Dare Cosmetics, Box 442D, G.P.O., Adelaide.

IN SIX EXOTIC TINTS — ENGLISH TINT, LIGHT, TROPIC, PARISIAN, MEDIUM, REGAL.

LIQUID
lip-glo
LEAVES NO LIP PRINTS!



Apply LIP-GLO with applicator supplied, and shape lips as desired.



Touch up the edges with handkerchief while LIP-GLO is still wet.



A few seconds to dry, and nothing can mar the brilliance of the lips.

HAVE A GLASS OF GUINNESS

WHEN YOU'RE TIRED

At all Hotels and Spirit Stores



Real Life Stories

Attacked by savage cattle dog

WHEN I was a lad of sixteen I went with one of my brothers, aged eighteen, travelling in Queensland looking for work and experience.

We were making for Longreach when we fell in with a droving plant going out to Beaufort station for cattle. The droving plant had with it a very valuable and savage cattle dog that was reputed to be a dingo killer.

So one day, while all the other members of the outfit except my brother were away in town, we decided to give the supposed dingo killer a try-out.

It was decided that I would go and hide in the bush for a while and then approach the camp howling like a dingo to see if the dog would take any notice.

I had almost reached the camp when the dog came out and nipped me on the leg. In my innocence I picked up a piece of wire (there being no sticks about the camp) and hit the dog across the back.

He instantly attacked me and made straight for my throat.

I was young and strong, and al-



"The only thing I could do was grab the savage beast by the throat and throw it back as hard and as far as I could."

though I became panic-stricken I managed to keep on my feet.

The attack was so savage and made at such lightning speed that my brother had no time to get anything to beat the dog off.

The only thing I could do was grab the savage beast by the throat and throw it back as hard and as far as I could. The harder I threw

him the more savagely he came at me.

I must have thrown him away twenty times, and eventually becoming exhausted I turned to run away.

The animal, who was still savagely attacking, fixed his teeth in the waistband of my trousers and tore a strip three inches wide to the ankle. Had I fallen to the ground in

the struggle I certainly would not have been alive to tell this story, for I was already bitten on several places on the chest and arms.

11/1/- to Henry C. McCasker, Yarramvale, Dagmar, Qld.

Risky mine rescue

OUR neighbor, Mr. T. Ryan, of Yass, was minding some sheep when his valuable sheep dog went after a rabbit which ran into an embankment near a very deep old mine. The dog did not notice the mine and fell into it.

The owner of a nearby property came to the rescue. He secured some ladders, two 17 feet long, one 15 feet long, and a long rope.

The ladders were tied together and to a tree, then lowered, but did not nearly reach the bottom, so Mr. Ryan, after reaching the end of the ladders, had to go about as far again down the rope.

He was clad only in a sleeveless singlet and trousers but was wishing before long that he'd been clad in iron armor, for a huge iguana which he discovered at the foot of the mine jumped on his back and stuck its claws into his bare flesh.

There were snakes in the bottom of the mine, but luckily they scurried into their holes.

Mr. Ryan tied another rope to the dog's collar and, in spite of the foul air, which would have suffocated most people, returned to the top, and pulled the dog to the surface.

It was a brave rescue, involving serious risk of life, but a bushman knows a dog is worth that.

2/6 to Mr. A. B. Dawes, Bernardo, Black Range, Yass, N.S.W.

Spectacular storm

WE were at a party when a violent electric storm broke. A terrific reverberating crash shook the whole house and every window was broken.

We looked out to see what seemed to be a huge ball of fire moving slowly down the barbed-wire fence about fifty yards away. It continued for about fifty yards, then disappeared.

One girl burst into nervous tears, declaring that the Judgment Day had arrived, at which two other women became hysterical.

When daylight came the fence was found to be burnt and twisted, and a large gate had been torn from its hinges and flung to the ground.

Where the burnt section ended was a hole in the earth about eight feet wide and eighteen inches deep. We dug there, but found nothing.

We remembered that night with almost superstitious fear for some time until we learned that what we had seen was ball lightning, a very rare phenomenon.

2/6 to Miss Wilma Read, Girrah-ween, Wooli Yallock, Vic.

HOW TO WIN REAL LIFE AWARDS.

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Send in your Real Life Stories, which may be exciting or tragic, but which must be AUTHENTIC.

Full address at top of Page 7.

Timid hunter

WITH two companions I was hunting wallabies at Wamuran (Qld.). One night we heard the thud of a wallaby.

One of my mates, a new chum, went out to explore the sound. Soon we heard the crack of his rifle, and a moment later he came racing back.

"There were two shining eyes as big as saucers out there watching me!" he gasped. "I fired at them, but they didn't move!"

Torches in hand, we went forward to investigate. The "eyes" turned out to be two huge bush mushrooms, both emitting a bright, phosphorescent light that was plainly visible in the darkness.

2/6 to C. D. Storrie, Mackay, St. Windsor, N3, Brisbane.

A fowl trick

AN old black hen—affectionately christened "Mrs. Waddle"—persisted in laying in the soiled-linen basket. She had reached the early broody stage, and one morning there was a tremendous commotion in the laundry.

On investigating we found "Mrs. Waddle" and the family cat in fierce combat, apparently over the ownership of four tiny kittens. Evidently Tabby had decided the basket was a cozier nest for her day-old kits than a box in the garage, and when the coast was clear "moved in."

"Mrs. Waddle," returning and finding the nest full of furry, mewling kits, apparently decided her family had prematurely arrived.

For a moment or two we watched the spectacle of the hen, wings outstretched, clucking excitedly and trying to keep the squirming kits under cover, then flying up and attacking the cat when she approached the basket.

Finally a savagely protesting "Mrs. Waddle" was removed to a box and given a clutch of eggs to console her.

2/6 to Lynn Hapgood, Trederwyn, Rose St., Inverell, N.S.W.

Scottish pride

DURING the Singapore mutiny of 1915, which German prisoners instigated by bribing the section of Pathans guarding them, the Pathans were told to avoid killing Dutch or other Europeans.

They were instructed to challenge if in doubt and if the answer was "English" or "British" to kill on the spot.

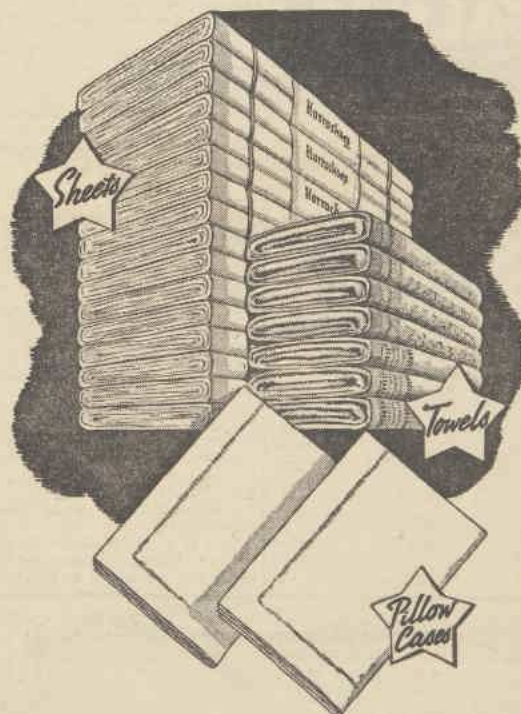
On the afternoon of the fateful day came a fine specimen of Scottish manhood, unaware of any trouble save the ever-recurrent rumor of Chinese riots. The sharp crackle of "Chinese crackers" hardly ruffled his reverie. When challenged by a Pathan sentry he remained quite unperturbed.

"Apa bungsa?" (What nationality?) demanded the Pathan.

"Scottish," replied the man with native pride.

"Pass," said the sentry lowering his bayonet, and the quiet Scot walked calmly on, blissfully unaware of his narrow escape until he neared the town, where he was hastily hustled into its defence.

2/6 to F. Maadocks, 4a Victoria Ave., Rose Park, Adelaide.



Horrockses..of course!

There is no doubt whatever, Horrockses Sheets, Pillowcases and Towels are best. The name has been famous for generations.

Fine quality, durability and whiteness—these are the essential points to remember when purchasing sheets and pillowcases, and you obtain them all and pay no more by asking for

Horrockses

Sheets Pillowcases & Towels

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

SHORT and SNAPPY

Send your anecdotes of odd, amusing incidents for this column; 10/6 will be paid for the best item and 2/6 for others published.

SOLDIER AT SEA

A NAVAL officer was standing on a platform of Flinders Street Station, Melbourne, when up came a Digger.

"Is this the train for Puckapunyal, sir?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I don't know," the officer replied, "but, by the way, where is that place? I'm a stranger to these parts."

"A darn fine stationmaster you'll make!" replied the soldier, and walked away disgruntled.

10/6 to Miss N. Roberts, 105 Park St., Moonee Ponds, Melbourne.

PRACTICAL GENEROSITY

ONE day in a street in Kalgoorlie I saw a group of down-and-outs talking, when along came a minister well known for his spontaneous charity.

He stopped and spoke to the men and said to one of them: "Are those the best boots you have?"

Sloping, he took off his own good ones, handed them to the man, and walked off to his home in his stocking feet.

2/6 to A. M. Curven, 118 Airfield St., Fremantle, W.A.

POCKETED

A MAN playing golf on a long fairway felt a soft blow on his hip and looked quickly round for the ball that had hit him. It was nowhere in sight.

A little later he saw two men searching where he had stood, and when one called out asking him had he seen a ball he replied: "No, but I could have sworn one hit me. It caught me here—" and he slapped his hand onto his hip.

Then: "Good heavens!" he cried, and diving his hand into his pocket he brought forth the ball that had lodged there.

2/6 to Mrs. Ruby McGrath, Box 57, Brookton, W.A.

TWO MEANINGS

ONE Saturday morning mother and I were in an ironmonger's shop waiting to be served when a lady came in hurriedly. She asked one of the men serving if he would sell her a rat trap as she wanted to catch the Lane Cove tram. She joined in the laugh!

2/6 to Mrs. L. Howarth, Eglinton, via Rathurst, N.S.W.

Was Irritable and Nervy Now the Picture of Health

Not so long ago this youngster was so irritable and nervy that people called her "an impossible child." Today, she's brimful of health and energy. Doctors discovered that constipation was the real trouble—prescribed Califig—the gentle, sure laxative made specially for children. They love its pleasant fruity taste.

CALIFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
California Syrup of Figs

Hard, burning, achy CORNS Lift right out one drop does it

★ Corns that hurt, burn, throb and ache can be removed swiftly with this new type of antiseptic treatment. Simply apply a drop of FROZOL-ICE, and its special anesthetic action will stop pain in 3 seconds. Then corn or callus starts to wither up, work loose, and you can pick it right out with your finger-tips. FROZOL-ICE is the new, safe, instant-drying remover that does not hurt healthy tissues. Chemists and stores sell FROZOL-ICE for 1/6.

PAIN that kept her in bed

Terrible, dragging, Spasms so Bad She Missed a Day from Work Every Month.

Discover for yourself the different—quicker, more complete and more lasting relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little MYZONE tablets.

When your poor back feels as though it is being drawn to the front—when you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness... let MYZONE's marvellous active (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort, and a pleasant, quick, complete relief such as you've never known with anything else.

Just take a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Try MYZONE with your very next "pain." Notice how there is no doping effect.

2/- box. All Chemists.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS

(Week's Best Release)
Anne Shirley, James Ellison. (RKO.)

PAST and present readers of L. M. Montgomery's "Anne" books will probably be interested in seeing this adaptation.

The film, however, is a rambling and rather trivial tale of life in a country town about thirty years ago.

It tells of the coming of an ambitious, eager young schoolteacher (Anne Shirley) to Windy Poplars, a town in which she is regarded as an intruder.

Her chief opponents are the Pringles, a large and influential family. Anne, determined to make good, sets out to win over one by one the members of this family.

Although she is too sweet and gentle for the L. M. Montgomery heroine, from whom she took her name, Anne Shirley is an appealing little person.

The two children, Marcia Mae Jones and Joan Carroll, who plays a forlorn little orphan, are good. Patric Knowles appears briefly as Gilbert Blythe.—Plaza; showing.

★ WAGONS WESTWARD

Chester Morris, Anita Louise. (Republic.)

IN spite of its historical flavor—Tom Cook was a real American outlaw who was captured by his brother—this film is just an average Western.

Its chief defect is the amount of plot material crammed into it.

It does, however, supply plenty of exciting action.

The unusual touch is the dual role. Chester Morris, who plays the twin brothers, gives two fairly distinct characterisations.

Applause goes to Windy Hayes for his human comedy, and to Anita Louise for her portrayal of an unbalanced dance-hall girl.—Capitol; showing.

★ POP ALWAYS PAYS

Leon Errol, Dennis O'Keefe. (RKO.)

"POP ALWAYS PAYS" is an inconsequential little domestic comedy that borders on the ridiculous.

Errol refuses to allow his daughter (Adele Pearce) to marry Dennis O'Keefe until O'Keefe can save up a thousand dollars. When that time comes Errol promises to add another thousand.

O'Keefe and Adele Pearce as the young couple in love are pleasing; Marjorie Gatenas as Errol's wife occasionally irritating.—Plaza; showing.

ONE HOUR TO LIVE

Charles Bickford, Doris Nolan. (Universal.)

THIS is a pretty shabby thriller, with a "surprise" denouement that leaves you completely in mid-air.

The film has been very obviously cut in several places. Apparently the explanations at the end are also on the cutting-room floor.

The central figure is bullying Charles Bickford, who plays a detective on the homicide squad. He smiles once—painfully. His chief opponent is John Lel, playing a conventional gangster role.

Surprise of the film; Doris Nolan, looking positively haggard.—Capitol; showing.

NOTES ON NEWS FILMS

Battle for England and A.I.F. March to Bathurst. (Fox Movietone.)

THESE two films, "The Battle for England" and "The A.I.F. March to Bathurst," released too late for last week's reviews, merit a special commentary.

They are magnificent examples of war films.

The "Battle" picture shows Nazi raiders bombing Dover and a cargo-ship convoy, then being routed by R.A.F. fighters. No one should miss this extraordinary picture with its inspiration of heroism.

The local Fox Movietone News

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

unit filmed "The A.I.F. March to Bathurst," and captured the true spirit of Anzac. The applause which greets the action, human interest, and military precision of this film—which is incidentally remarkable for its sound-recording and photography—shows that the public appreciates its patriotic worth.—Coming to all suburbs.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Gone With the Wind. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best-selling novel. Liberty, 18th week.

★★★ It's a Date. Deanna Durbin, grand in joyous musical. State, 3rd week.

★★★ Young Tom Edison. Mickey Rooney in delightful biography of young inventor. St. James, 2nd week.

★★ Road to Singapore. Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour in bright comedy. Prince Edward, 5th week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

YOU will soon see those real-life romancers, Norma Shearer and George Raft, making love on the screen. They will co-star in "The World We Make," the adaptation of "The Outward Room," by Millen Brand.

Norma has just left on a vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Leroy (Leroy will direct the picture). George will join the party on completion of his personal appearances in New York.

SO that scholars of the future will have an accurate idea of what the American girl of 1940 looked like, Hollywood's make-up expert, Max Factor, has collected a number of make-up items which he will have buried in ground near Hollywood.

As well as lipstick, rouge and powder, his collection includes a bust

of Elaine Shephard made of a stainless steel compound. The face will be made-up in actual lifelike colors. All the materials will be encased in a "time capsule," and are expected to endure for at least two thousand years!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S composition, "Prelude to Production No. Six," will be played at the San Francisco World's Fair shortly. According to critics this symphony, written for "The Dictator," has genuine artistic merit.

ELAINE BARRIE BARRYMORE plans to return to New York soon—without husband John.

THERE doesn't seem much chance now of a reconciliation between Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable.

When Betty's wealthy New York friend, Alex Thompson, arrived in Hollywood she was at the train to greet him.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO

RAYMOND MASSEY REQUIRES A MINIMUM OF MAKE-UP TO PORTRAY LINCOLN IN "ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS".... HE EVEN HAS THE CHARACTERISTIC WART ON HIS CHEEK!



"A 'DEAD DUCK' IS A BOTHERSOME SHADOW CAST BY THE MICROPHONE DUE TO POORLY ARRANGED LIGHTS



GENE LOCKHART MET MASSEY FOR THE FIRST TIME WHEN HE WAS CAST AS STEPHEN DOUGLAS, LINCOLN'S OPPONENT.... YET BOTH WERE BORN IN TORONTO, ATTENDED THE SAME GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND ARE MEMBERS OF THE SAME CLUB IN NEW YORK!



YOUNG but GREY!
An awful thing to happen to any woman! Perhaps the worst of all! Just starting to live, yet showing signs of old age! Hopes, ambition, everything seems crushed by the ever present thought of grey hair!

It is awful... but a very common thing in modern times when the hair is subjected to the effects of artificial waving and curling as well as outdoor life. The result is a dry scalp with its inevitable effect on the glands provided by nature to lubricate the hair and preserve its colour.

How to avoid this condition and its disastrous consequences? It is very simple... by massaging the scalp regularly with Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stimulate the action of the roots, and by being careful to use it every time you curl your hair.

This is how a sensible woman protects and improves the beauty of her hair.

Be sensible too... A little care today will save you many a headache tomorrow.

Do not wait for tomorrow! Start today using

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 3/- per bottle.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet
Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1332R, Sydney for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

SAY Goodbye Sandpaper Hands! WITH HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

IT CREAMS, IT FORTENS... IT BEAUTIFIES!
1/- and 2/- (SIXPENCE 1111)

FREE OFFER! To get sunshine in your hair send this ad with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 880-GG, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. post. Camellione Tronina will be sent free.



• Third generation of a Hollywood family. Daphne Fairbanks poses with mother and father, the Douglas Fairbanks'.

FAMILY TRADITION ... Founded in Hollywood

THE FAIRBANKS' AND ZIEGFELDS WELCOME THE THIRD GENERATION

A NEW generation has made its appearance in Hollywood, a generation which springs from acting families of the screen, and which is already regarded as the studio talent of the future.

In this regard Douglas Fairbanks, jun., made recently a most significant statement.

His baby daughter Daphne was facing publicity photographers for the first time (as can be seen on this page).

"If she behaves, as well in front of the cameras in the future as she has this time," stated Mr. Fairbanks, "she will be able to carry on the family tradition very well."

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., is determined that Daphne shall represent the film dynasty founded by Douglas Fairbanks, sen., and carried on by himself.

Another infant in Hollywood, Florence Ziegfeld Stephenson, has been dedicated by her family to an acting life.

Her grandmother, known to all the fans as Billie Burke, has always regretted that Mrs. Patricia Ziegfeld Stephenson, Billie's only daughter, refused to become an actress.

Billie hoped that baby Florence would be a boy—to bear the name of her famous grandfather, Florenz Ziegfeld. This hope disappointed, Billie herself chose the name Florence, and has secured Patricia's consent to the child's future theatrical training.

Cynthia Rathbone, year-old daughter of Rodion, and granddaughter of famous actor Basil, represents the third generation in another Hollywood family. Cynthia's father has joined up. She and her mother are living with the Basil Rathbones, and Basil has serious plans for her on stage and screen.

Hollywood's second generation has received several new members in recent months.

Those two popular young people,

Anne Shirley and John Payne, have a daughter, Julie Anne. It is no secret that they hope for film talent in their baby.

Their fourth son arrived only five weeks ago to the Don Ameches—and Don declares he is going to have at least one actor in the family.

Geraldine Fitzgerald (Mrs. Lindsay Hogg) and Ray Milland both have sons. When asked whether he wanted his boy to be an actor, too, Ray said it was entirely up to young Victor, but that he and his wife would certainly have no objections. Janet Gaynor's small Robin has two careers to choose from, but studio work is certainly in his blood.

Very recently, too, several young children of film-player parents have made their film debut.

Warner Bros. are anxious to sign up six-year-old Susan Ann, daughter of Virginia Bruce and the late John Gilbert. The child's appearance and manner considerably impressed studio officials when she visited her mother on the set of "Flight Eight."

Thirteen-year-old June Lockhart, whose parents are Gene Lockhart, famous character actor, and versatile actress Kathleen, makes her first appearance in "All This and Heaven, Too."

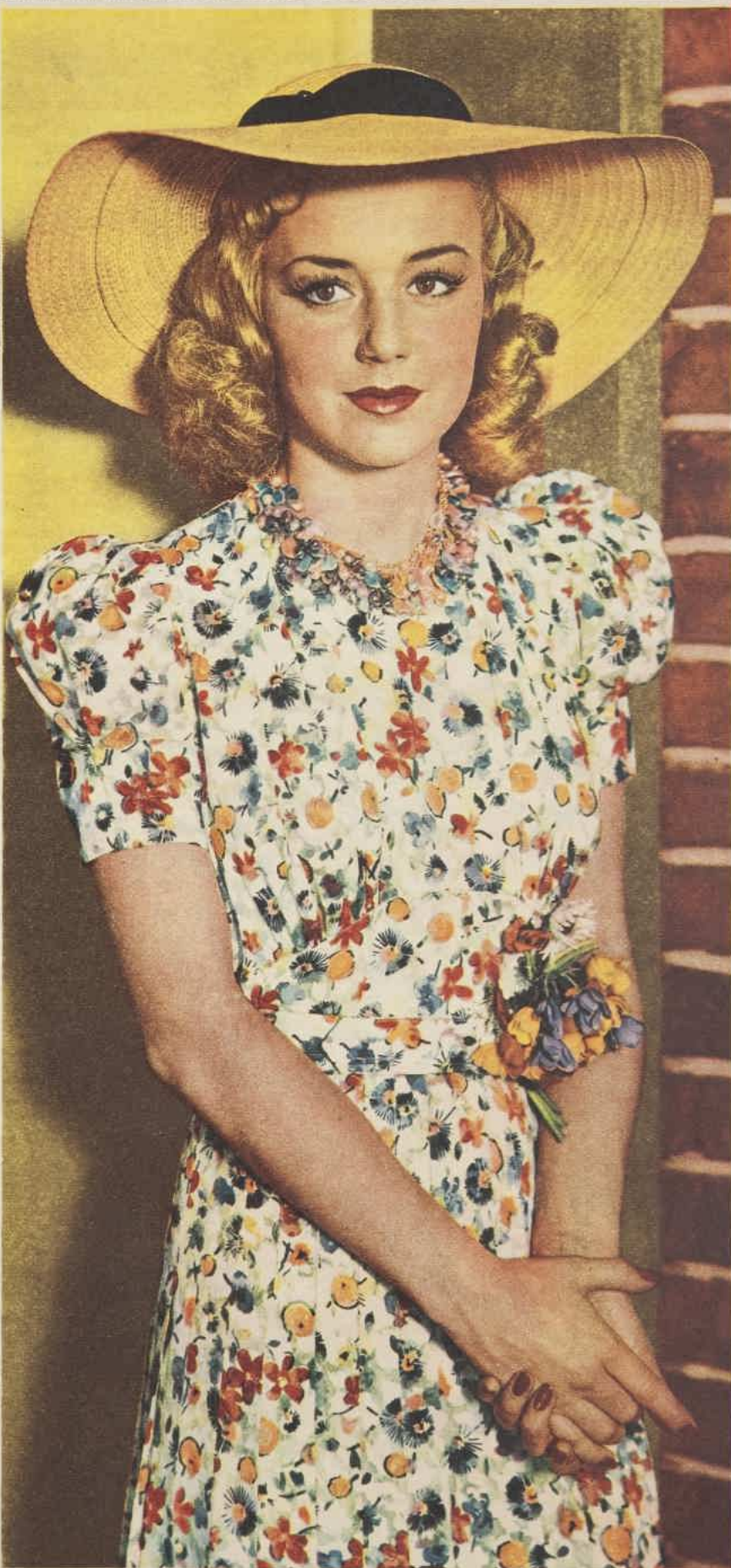
June was allowed a holiday from school in order to make the film.

Four-year-old Dickie Lyon got a job in "The Howards of Virginia" while his parents, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, were still in London. Director Frank Lloyd thinks that Dickie is a real screen find.

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are delighted because their small daughter shows signs of dramatic talent—and insist this is not just the partiality of fond parents.

In "Tom Brown's Schooldays" you will find the twin sons of Edna Best, who now seem determined to adopt a screen career.

With all this family pride and family talent seeking full expression, it is evident that Hollywood is out to found its own dynasties.



• Anne Shirley, Mrs. John Payne, hopes that her new baby daughter Julie Anne will grow up to be a screen player like father and mother. Anne herself has been on the screen since she was a very small child, and approves of a Hollywood education.



• Comedian Mischa Auer has a Sunday morning at home in the garden with his attractive wife and young son, Anthony. Observe the portable wireless, the telephone, the alarm clock, and violin case in the background. Mischa is now building a new home in Beverly Hills.

Mischa leads in fashion

FOR the title of "Hollywood's best-dressed man" I nominate lanky comic oddity Mischa Auer—late Mischa Simonowich Ounskowski, of the Russian nobility.

On the screen Mischa is apt to wear shorts, with Tyrolean hat and other strange accessories.

But in private life he is a picture of flawless elegance.

Mischa himself admits that he's fussy about his clothes.

Unlike most men, who usually must be cajoled into dress suits, he specialises in formal attire.

Mischa is one of the most sought-after comedians in Hollywood. At the moment he is working simul-

POPULAR COMEDIAN INHERITED HIS GOOD TASTE WITH HIS LOVE OF MUSIC

From CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

taneously on the films "Spring Parade" (the Deanna Durbin musical) and "Margie."

But no matter how busy he is on the set, Mischa is never too tired for an evening's fun. He and his wife are inveterate first-nighters and patrons of Hollywood's night-clubs—and Mischa always wears white tie and tails.

When you know something about his background you will understand Mischa's taste for formality.

A member of an aristocratic Russian family, he observed as a boy in St. Petersburg the elegance of his parents' friends. He was taught then that an error in grooming was the unforgivable sin.

The Revolution, of course, drove Mischa out of Russia. He was then twelve years old. After his mother's death he took refuge in Florence with an old friend of the family.

This family friend got in touch with Mischa's grandfather, Leopold Auer, the famous violin teacher, whose pupils include Heifetz and Zimbalist. Auer had been living in America for some years.

He immediately cabled the passage money and expenses for his grandson to join him in New York.

Mischa adopted his grandfather's name. Studying with Leopold, he soon became an accomplished musician.

Even to-day, although he has little time for practicing, he loves to sit down at the piano and play over tunes he learnt as a boy.

But Mischa's heart was then, as now, in the stage. The obliging Leopold Auer helped him again by introducing him to influential people in New York's musical and theatrical world.

In a short time Mischa was well known on Broadway. But he played only dramatic roles.

On tour

THEN he toured the States for two years with a theatrical company. In 1928 he decided to try his luck in Hollywood.

Hard times followed. Once he was tossed out of a Russian sequence because he didn't look like a real Russian.

He even conducted a jazz band, which was available for dances at a modest fee.

In 1930 he scored his first success—as a villain. From then on he was given only sinister parts in the films.

Then, by his own request, he took a comic role for the first time on stage and screen in "My Man Godfrey." His characterisation was so popular that from then on Mischa has always played the fool.

Mischa Auer is the friendliest of stars. He is as popular among those who live in Hollywood as he is on the screen.

As a matter of fact, he is so full of spirit and good humor that directors find him a nuisance.

While awaiting his turn before the cameras you'll see him on the sidelines showing a group of extras a new card trick. Or perhaps he will be telling a funny story with amazing facial expressions that reduce his listeners to helpless laughter.

Mischa is happily married to Norma Tillmann. They have a six-year-old son named Anthony, who, as yet, looks more like mother than father, and so far shows no signs of following in his famous father's footsteps.

But he has inherited Mischa's love of music.

Apart from his film work and his social obligations, Mischa finds time to pursue a variety of interests.

He has been raising Great Dane



• The bland Mischa Auer as he is to-day. Thirty-five years old, six feet two inches tall, and eleven and a half stone in weight. His next picture is Deanna Durbin's "Spring Parade."

dogs as a business sideline for several years.

He sponsors a soccer football team composed of himself and fellow Russians in the film colony.

He designed the wallpaper in his present Hollywood home, and he is responsible for the decorative scheme of the new house he is building just out of Hollywood.

Under long-term contract to Universal, he holds the office of Mayor of Universal City.

But of all Auer's hobbies his chief delight is the camera.

He is planning to include a projection-room in the new home where he will show his own home-made movies.

Economy, of course, is important to a man who wants to provide well for his son's future.

So the projection machine will be hidden in a built-in cupboard, and the "theatre" will be used as a playroom for young Anthony.

If the party is frightfully arty,
Or huntin' and fishin' and hearty,
You'll still be the hit,
All rivals outwit—
If Kayser-clad legs you show . . . partly.



Like influential friends—Kayser stockings help you "pull strings". For who can resist the charm of slender, silken legs? . . . And where is the girl who hasn't learnt the KAYSER art of combining Quality and Economy? The new Compass Colours are thrilling!

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Max Bowerman, Sydney's first exponent of the art of styling hair to facial contours. "Such Ensemble Styling ensures that perfect blending of features and coiffures so essential for true chic and artistry," he says . . . "just as regular 'damp-setting' with Velmol ensures the lasting 'salon-smartness' of the style and the lustrous silky softness of the hair."

Follow the advice of leading hair stylists . . . keep your new hair-style "salon-fresh" with Velmol "damp-sets"—the modern easy method of managing modern difficult coiffures!

Velmol makes it easy to fix hair disarranged in sport or slumber or to "damp-set" it back to salon-

smartness after shampooing.

Velmol sets waves and holds them—soft and glossy. Works perfectly on any hair—any wave. So simple! . . . takes but four minutes.

Save time and temper . . . get a 2/- bottle of Velmol to-day—from chemist, hairdresser or store.

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair!)

May Bowerman
of
BERNARD THOMPSON

Talented ENGLISH GIRL comes to HOLLYWOOD

PIQUANT BLONDE MURIEL
ANGELUS IS OLD FRIEND
OF BRITISH FILM COLONY

I HAVE just met Hollywood's latest film find, English Muriel Angelus, who was discovered on Broadway this year by Paramount.

Dressed in a severely-tailored, beautifully-fitting English suit, with a mad little hat, Muriel was lunching in a restaurant on the Boulevard with Benita Hume, wife of Ronald Colman, with whom Muriel worked in her first Hollywood film, "The Light That Failed."

Muriel is a typical English beauty. She is fairly tall, with blue eyes, a beautiful complexion, and masses of fair curly hair, dressed in youthful fashion round her face. But she is definitely the sophisticated type.

Although she has been in America a matter of twelve months Muriel has many old friends in Hollywood.

She worked with Ray Milland, Nigel Bruce, Pat Patterson, and director James Whale in London.

Muriel Angelus is different from most of the newcomers to the American screen to-day.

Most of them are bright young things, well under twenty. Muriel is twenty-eight.

Few of the new actresses have any theatrical background. But Muriel has had years of both film and stage experience in England, and was discovered in a musical comedy on Broadway.

She was born and educated in London. Her parents were just average middle-class people, with not much money to spare for "extras." But they did manage to give their talented daughter lessons in dancing.

When she was twelve years old the famous Peking, of the Russian ballet, happened to see her practising in a dancing studio and gave her a place in his ballet.

Soon Muriel was adding to the family's income by dancing after school hours and during holidays.

But by the time she was fourteen her parents could no longer afford to keep her. Looking for permanent work, she naturally turned to the ballet.

But Muriel realised she would have to appear older to get a job. She borrowed a dress from her grown-up sister, did her best to look eighteen, and went straight to a theatre where they were picking girls for a show.

Maybe the directors saw through her disguise. Anyway, Muriel was turned down.

She walked out of that theatre heartbroken. In fact, she was crying so much that she didn't look where she was going and bumped into a stranger at the entrance. He picked up her scattered belongings, asked why she was crying, and heard Muriel's story.

That man was James Whale, now one of Hollywood's ace directors, who was staging the show.

More out of sympathy than anything else, Whale took Muriel back into the theatre and gave her a job in the chorus.

Gradually she danced her way to the front row of the chorus. It was here that a talent scout from the British Lion film company spotted her and saw that she got a film test.

Film experience

FOR the next few years Muriel did nothing but film work for this company.

Her pictures include "The Ringer" (a film version of the Edgar Wallace thriller), "The Infamous Lady," "Red Aces," "Eve's Fall," "My Wife's Family," "Hindle Wakes," "Night Birds." In the Warners' English studio she made "So You Won't Talk," in which she had the leading role.

At the age of seventeen she played the wife of portly Nigel Bruce (another actor now in Hollywood).

After the film was completed they

From
Barbara Bouchier
in Hollywood

lost sight of each other until they met recently in the Paramount studio. "My wife!" shouted Nigel, throwing his arms about her. Then, turning to the on-lookers, he explained:

"She's the youngest wife I ever had, and the cutest, too!"

At about that time, too, Ray Milland and Muriel made a film test together. "They turned us down cold," said Muriel with a chuckle. "They told us we just weren't the types. And now we are both under contract to the same studio."

Then Muriel went back to the stage—but this time to play leads. Her first role was in the London production of "Sons of Guns." She took the place of Pat Patterson (now Mrs. Charles Boyer), who had left the show to try her luck in Hollywood.

Muriel was pretty successful, too. She was just edging into starring roles when she became seriously ill.

Idle two years

NOT for two years was she well enough to begin work again.

In that two years theatrical managers and the public forgot her.

At the age of twenty-two she was faced with the problem of making a comeback.

Again luck, always at her elbow, played its part. Calling on a friend backstage in London one night, Muriel was singing over one of the songs in the show for her own amusement.

A visitor standing by heard her and liked her personality so well that he offered to back a singing production for her. After five months they decided on "Balalaika." Muriel played the role that Dona Massey took in the recent Hollywood film.

On the strength of her work in that London musical she was called to Broadway for a part in "The Boys From Syracuse."

That's where Paramount found her. She took a screen test in New York, signed her contract the next day, and left immediately for Hollywood.

Here she straightway began rehearsals for the role of Maide in "The Light That Failed."

Muriel has taken a flat in Hollywood, and intends to stay for the duration.



● A musical comedy chorus girl when she was 14 years old. This is London's Muriel Angelus, who begins her Hollywood film career in Paramount's "The Light That Failed." In private life she is Mrs. John Stuart.



He's as
HAPPY
AS THE DAY
IS LONG

Wisely, his mother keeps him in perfect health with genuine Laxettes—the mild chocolate aperient that kiddies love to take.

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1 **SECONDED** by slave, Dromio (Penner), Grecian general, Antipholus (Jones), in Ephesus, decrees death of enemy Syracusans.



2 **ARRIVAL** of Antipholus and Dromio's twins from Syracuse causes great confusion.

3 **NOT** knowing of twins' existence, Antipholus makes love at first meeting to Phyllis (Rosemary Lane), his brother's sister-in-law.



4 **REBUFFED** by indignant Phyllis, Syracusan pair strike more trouble from Luce (Martha Raye) and Adriana (Irene Hervey), who believe they are their husbands.



5 **THEN** Syracusan Antipholus, realising the truth at last, enlists aid of Phyllis, with whom he is now in love.



6 **POSING** as twin, he orders release from gaol of father, who has come to Ephesus hoping to find lost son, now Grecian general.

SHAKESPEARE IN SWING

UNIVERSAL'S very modern "Boys From Syracuse," from the Broadway musical hit of the same name, is actually based on Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors." The story, set in ancient Greece, deals with two sets of twins and the confusion of mistaken identity. The dual roles are played by singer Allan Jones and comedian Joe Penner. Music is by the team of Rodgers and Hart.

QUESTION TO LADY SMILEY:

Does your delicate fair complexion need elaborate and costly beauty care?

ANSWER:

Even before the war I discovered that Pond's Creams did more for my complexion than elaborate beauty treatments. It's really astonishing how Pond's Cold Cream penetrates into the pores and brings out all the hidden dirt that is so dangerous to complexion loveliness, and how smooth and fresh it leaves my skin.

QUESTION TO LADY SMILEY:

After being outdoors on the

farm all day, don't you find that your skin gets a bit rough and hard to powder for social engagements?

ANSWER:

It's fun to wear evening clothes again, and thanks to Pond's Creams I've no complexion problem. It's miraculous how smoothly powder goes on over Pond's Vanishing Cream and how long it clings. And besides it protects my skin against roughness and dryness.



Lady Cecilia loves open air life and has taken up farming in Leicestershire as her war work, with occasional evenings in town as a welcome break from the routine of the farm.



Lady Cecilia Smiley is one of Society's most beautiful recent brides. She has dark hazel eyes, brown hair and a flawless milk-white skin. "Pond's Creams keep my skin smooth as satin."

LOVELY AUSTRALIAN BRIDE

BOTH HAVE THE SAME FAMOUS CARE FOR THEIR LOVELY COMPLEXIONS.



Mrs. R. F. Edgecombe before her marriage was Miss Jane Eastman of Darling Pt., Sydney. Vivacious and charming, Mrs. Edgecombe has shining golden hair, sparkling grey eyes and a perfectly lovely fair complexion.

QUESTION TO MRS. EDGECOMBE: Can a busy young housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Edgecombe?

ANSWER:

Yes. Pond's Two Creams make it very easy — inexpensive too. I get my skin really clean and fresh with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. This gives my powder a lovely soft look.

QUESTION TO MRS. EDGECOMBE:

Do you think that using more than one cream in your skin regularly improves the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER:

Of course it does. When my skin is cleaned thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream, my make-up goes on evenly and, what's more, it stays fresh for hours. I don't worry about spending hours in the sun and wind. Pond's Two Creams keep my skin smooth.



Mrs. Edgecombe is taking an enthusiastic interest in the furnishing of her new flat in Elizabeth Street. Her favourite outdoor recreation is riding.

This is how these lovely women keep their skin beautiful with Pond's Two Creams.

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. They pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up... keeps your skin flawless and radiant.

They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind. And here's a good tip! For lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight too, after your usual cleansing.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/8% tubes, 1/4% jars, and generous 2 1/4% jars containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much. (Prices including Sales Tax.)

FREE! Mail this Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, and for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams — Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

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• Tyrone Power had better watch attractive 25-year-old Frank Swann, a lawyer from Illinois, who is working hard in Fox's dramatic school.

• A second John Garfield? This is newcomer Robert Sterling, who plays a leading role in "Charter Pilot."

• A Clark Gable in the making: Ted North, from Kansas, was discovered when playing in his father's theatrical company.

Meet some screen heroes of to-morrow



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• Successor to Don Ameche . . . well, maybe. Here's George Montgomery, singer from Montana, who, while sightseeing in Hollywood last year, was spotted by a Fox talent scout.

BY COINCIDENCE THEY ARE ALL SIX FOOT TALL

From JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York

CONCERNED about the shortage of romantic screen heroes, Hollywood producers have recently given contracts to several young men in their early twenties.

These newcomers possess varying personalities—from the athletic or bookish to the serious or happy-go-lucky. But it is interesting to note that all of them are well over six foot tall!

At present these newcomers, although working in minor roles or minor pictures, are attending the studios' dramatic schools for possible stardom.

Hollywood hopes that they will ultimately take over some of the roles unable to be filled by the overworked Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Richard Greene, and Tyrone Power.

Huskiest of this novice group is twenty-four-year-old George Montgomery, who measures six-foot-three in his socks. He has a leading role in the Twentieth Century-Fox film, "Young People."

Youngest of a Montana family of

fifteen, George used to be a cowboy. He speaks in a deep western drawl.

Give him a mandolin and he'll sing any cowboy song you can name.

George does not want to become another singing cowboy on the screen. But some day he may develop into a player who will give Don Ameche serious competition.

For sophistication, the group includes Frank Swann, a lad with black wavy hair, twinkling black eyes, and a debonaire manner. Frank is a "natural" for Tyrone Power roles.

Ted North, the rugged type, is also under contract to Fox. With brown eyes and hair, and a most engaging grin, Ted is a Clark Gable in the making. Ted, who has the juvenile lead in "The Bride Wore Crutches," is carrying on a family tradition begun by his actor grandfather.

The typical young American "college" boy, Robert Sterling, appeared recently in "Manhattan Heartbeat." He is now working on "Charter Pilot." Robert looks a little like truculent John Garfield. He has brown hair.

Glamor boy of the group, and the



• A fair-haired Robert Taylor, Ragnar Qvale, former ski-ing instructor, who makes his movie debut in "Four Sons."

only one who could actually be described as handsome, is Nordic Ragnar Qvale, a fair-haired Robert Taylor.

Ragnar already knows personally many of Hollywood's most famous stars. He was a ski-ing instructor at Sun Valley, that most fashionable winter playground for California. A Fox executive who was coached in ski-ing by Ragnar suggested he exchange the Valley for the studios.



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• Balenciaga's superbly simple afternoon frock in bright blue crepe spotted with black. Notice the ungarlish neckline and bracelet-length sleeves.

Gaiety and youth reflected in the new spring theme

• A trim little bolero suit after Schiaparelli. Designed in black faille and pepped up with a frothy lace and muslin blouse and bright blue cummerbund and accents.



• Over a swing-skirted frock of black silk jersey Robert Piguet puts an immaculate yellow-and-black striped weskit in wool jersey. Notice the yellow summer felt cartwheel with crown and snood in red taffeta.

• Victor Stiebel brings a touch of spring to a black sheer wool frock with the addition of a crisp little taffeta jacket in red-and-white check. With it a shady yellow hat.

• Classic shirt-waist frock in red-and-white striped cotton topped by a casual boxy jacket in brilliant green hopsac linen. By Spectator Sports.

Leading designers stress casual elegance

• An engaging little suit, with weskit-jacket and slim skirt, designed by Margaret Barry, in green, red, and white checked silk.

• A stunning frock in unrelieved red silk jersey, styled by Norman Hartnell with his famous panel skirt and gathered bodice. With it a white tailored hat.

• Schiaparelli sends you forth looking incredibly young in a simple frock of bright blue silk crepe with a longish candy-striped bolero and matching striped halo hat and bag.

• Alix makes fetching black crepe basque blouses to wear over giddy, striped skirts in tie silk. The wool tassels and turned-back felt hat match up with the gay stripes of the skirt.

• Teddy Tinling promotes the cool charm of chalk-white crepe scattered with a drift of blossom. The swing skirt flows from a slim-fitting hip-yoke. The cartwheel hat is in green felt.



LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

Sent from London by
MARY ST. CLAIRE
Sketched by PETROV



● ONE. — White crepe scarves printed like a page from a newspaper are being twisted into turbans with great effect. At first glance they look exactly as though the wearer had actually fastened her morning paper over her head.

● TWO. — A collar of real flowers to match the artificial hat blooms is a touch of feminine nonsense that is growing in favor. Popular flowers are red moss-roses, cornflowers, love-in-the-mist, and all colored phlox.



● THREE. — Black lace frocks slashed horizontally round the skirt with four to six-inch insets of black velvet and worn over brightly-colored taffeta petticoats are the thing for afternoon and semi-evening wear. They have fully-flared skirts, are short—just covering the knees—and have yoke bodices, long sleeves, and Peter Pan collars.

Spectator sportswear

CREATED BY LUCAS



Red Cross needs money—give all you can!

Will they crush or wrinkle? **No!**
Will they drop or shrink? **No!**
Will their colours fade? **No!**
Will they WASH? **Yes! Yes!**

Confucius Say —

"Pretty girls like pretty frocks . . ."

. . . buy Spectator Sportswear pretty often."

Typically Californian and exquisitely tailored, these frocks have "oomph" in every line!

You'll just love the lighthearted young styles, tricky buttons and belt fronts,

thrilling new designs and gay colours.

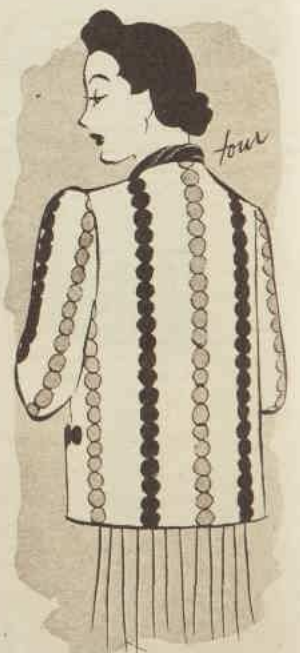
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MERRY-GO-ROUND
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look brighter after every wash.
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③ **SHARKTEX** COOL — CASUAL —
COLOURFUL —
perfection in white, and there are twelve
glamorous sunshine pastels, too. Absolutely fadeless
and definitely washable, of course.
from 29/11



● FOUR. — Hip-length white flannel jackets striped in lines of colored spots about the size of a penny and set edge to edge are very popular for semi-sports wear. Favorite colors are scarlet, saxe, magenta, and jade.

P E T R O V

Glamor Gowns

● Sophisticate or coquette . . . whatever your type, the spring evening trend will enhance your charm.



● Cire silk taffeta in ruby-red and white, made with a voluminous skirt fitted slimly into a pointed hip yoke. The trim, waist-length jacket with full cap sleeves covers a draped bodice of white silk satin.



● A dance frock of cloudy-white organza scattered with great sprays of multi-colored flowers, and belted with cerise satin ribbon. The soft folds of the bodice are repeated in the skirt to give back fullness. (Centre.)



● For formal occasions Molyneux dramatises the filmy prettiness of lace with sensational color contrast. The frock is in brilliant green with bodice and centre panel in black. A cerise hood drapes round the shoulders and ties in front.

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Are you giving your foundation the right care? It can't possibly control those curves of yours unless you Lux it often. Lux restores your foundation to its sleek, form-fitting flattery . . . keeps it fresh and elegant. Gentle Lux suds — the safest in the world.

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*If it's safe in water
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A LEVER PRODUCT



● From Spectator Sports comes this faintly Oriental gown in chalk-white crepe. The sari scarf is edged with gold braid to match the crossover belt. This scarf can also be worn wrapped tightly round the hips to form an Eastern-style sash.

Coty TALC

In the new War-time Container.

The same quantity, the same talc
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At a reduced price.

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A PACKET OF **RINSO**
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NEW IMPROVED **RINSO**
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THOUSANDS more are switching over every week . . .
thousands more getting cleaner, sweeter, brighter washes with New Improved
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Thicker, richer, harder working suds . . . that's the whole reason why
Rinso is a far better washing product. From start to finish of the biggest
weekly wash, all you need is Rinso.

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Take your bath luxuriously... with **NEW Super-milled LIFEBOUOY**

What a world of rest and relaxation for tired bodies
is a leisurely bath with New Super-milled Lifebuoy! What
a smooth, truly delightful soap — this pretty coral-pink
tablet! What a generous lather, billowing up so freely
and soothing your skin with its wonderfully mild caress!

Its discreet fragrance refreshes you while you bath,
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enjoying the famous Lifebuoy protection, and the one
certain safeguard against unpleasant "B.O."

Keeps you Lovable



Men often prefer "REGULAR" LIFEBOUOY. Get a supply to-day.

A LEVER PRODUCT

2.557.1WW

GETTING READY FOR A WAVE

● September is spring "permanent" time. So start now and give your hair solid, regular attention for a couple of weeks so it will be gloriously healthy and in the best condition to take a fresh wave. Healthy hair responds well to a permanent wave, is a lot easier to arrange and stays soft and natural-looking.



ABOVE: After the oil, massage, and steaming treatment, comb the hair through very loosely preparatory to shampooing. Lana Turner, MGM star, here shows you how to do this.

RIGHT: After the hot-oil application, massage the scalp. Start at the back of the head behind the ears and massage in a circular motion with the fingers so that the scalp itself moves.



PREPARE the olive oil for massaging the scalp by heating and placing in a small shallow bowl as shown here. Use a clean piece of cotton-wool for applying the oil. This treatment gives the best results if done the night before shampooing.



APPLY the oil to the scalp by parting the hair at half-inch intervals and then massaging. If you find it impossible to do this the night before washing the hair, follow the massage by steaming with a towel wrung out of hot water and wrapped round the head.

If you are going in for curly hair this year—and fashion says that curls, rolls and well-groomed waves are still essential to the smart woman—then a permanent wave is practically a necessity if your hair is the straight sort or has only a suggestion of a wave and a curl.

About two or three weeks before you have your permanent wave you should start to condition your hair.

Healthy hair responds so much better to the waving. So decide to brush and brush your hair regularly night and morning.

Brush your hair up and over your head; part it and brush it in sections; brush it back and out—every way until your scalp tingles and your hair gleams with life.

Massage nightly. Don't do this by just rubbing the fingers over the scalp. Place the fingers firmly on the head and massage the scalp in a circular manner so that the scalp itself moves with your fingers.

Give your hair a hot-oil shampoo once a week. To do this warm a little olive oil in a bowl. Then part the hair at half-inch intervals all over the head and rub the oil into the scalp with a piece of cotton-wool. Work from the centre downwards.

Now massage the head to work the oil into the scalp. After fifteen minutes of this take a towel wrung out of hot water and wrap around the hair tightly. This steaming will help the scalp to absorb even more oil and improve circulation.

Leave the towel on until it cools, remove, and then wash the hair, using a specially prepared hair

shampoo or soap jelly made by melting olive oil soap in hot water.

Apply the soap, rub the scalp well and then rinse. Now lather the hair again and rub the scalp once more. Rinse, and if your hair is very oily repeat the soaping process for the third time.

Rinse in two waters, making the last one almost cold. Now, to give further lustre and softness to your hair, rinse for the third time, adding a little lemon juice to the water if your hair is fair or vinegar if your hair is dark. This final rinse will give gleaming lights to your hair, even if you are a brunette.

A fortnight or so of this regular care and your hair will not only be looking lovely but will be ready to

take a permanent wave perfectly.

One word of advice, however: If you have been ill

and your hair is dull and dry even after some treatment, or is very fine and soft, then you will have more difficulty in getting a good wave.

In a case like this decide not to be bashful with your operator.

Break down and confess if you've been using over-strong tonics, dandruff removers, bleaches, tints, or dyes.

She will be able, with your help, to tell whether your hair is in condition for a permanent and will know what to do if you have white hair or fine hair that has to be handled carefully.

Ask for one or two test curls before you have your whole head waved. And get a reliable operator in a clean, reputable salon.

This is not the time to go in for economy, because you are going to live with that head of hair for the next six months, come what may.

By Janette



You never know how much you've loved until you've loved — and lost!



Why risk loneliness? Mum each day surely guards your charm!

WHY SHOULD love seem so easy to keep when you have it . . . but so hard to win back? The memories of happy days—are so heartbreaking! And even worse is the gnawing thought that somehow—in some way—it might have been your fault that they are gone.

So often it is a girl's fault, although she may never know it. For where is the man who will speak about a fault like underarm odour . . . who would humiliate her by suggesting she needs Mum?

Girls who keep romance never take for granted the matter of personal daintiness. They don't expect just a

bath to keep them fresh and sweet—they use Mum every day! A bath removes only perspiration that is past . . . but with Mum, future underarm odour is prevented, even before it starts! Though your bath may fade—Mum's protection goes right on!

Mum is so dependable. More women choose this one pleasant cream than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Pat a little Mum under each arm, at any time, even after you're dressed. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! Mum won't harm even the most delicate fabric. So safe that you can use it even after underarm shaving and it will not smart or sting!

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odour impossible—not by attempting to stop perspiration—but by neutralizing the odour. Get Mum to-day. Thousands of women have the daily Mum habit because with Mum they know their popularity is safe from risk of offending! Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices 9d., 1/6, and 2/6.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER . . . SAFER . . . Surer . . . THAN MUM!



Another Use for Mum Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

MUM takes the odour out of perspiration



Defend Australia BY DEFENDING AUSTRALIA'S Health

A MESSAGE TO THE AUSTRALIAN PEOPLE

The defence of Australia rests mainly in the hands of the common people of Australia . . . the average man and woman in the street . . . the people whose labours create Australia's wealth . . . the folk who toil on land and sea, in office and in home . . . in factory and in forest. The people from whom come our army, our navy and our air force. To this huge army of men and women, the backbone of the Australian nation, the Sanitarium Health Food Company bring a message of good cheer, good living and . . . above all . . . **GOOD HEALTH.**

GOOD HEALTH IS CHEAPER THAN ILL-HEALTH

It is in the national interest that each Australian citizen should keep himself or herself cheerful and healthy . . . it is also in the interest of each individual to do so.

Illness and disease cost Australia many millions of pounds each year . . . money that could be used to promote the interests of the Australian people.

It is wise to be healthy. It is thrifty to be healthy. It is in the national interest to be healthy . . . and one of the greatest aids to good health is wise eating.

AUSTRALIA LAND OF PLENTY

Wise eating in Australia is not difficult, for our country abounds with a superabundance of God given and healthful fruit, nuts, cereals and other natural foods which provide a sound basis for radiant health.

It is these natural foods which the Sanitarium Health Food Company provide for you in convenient and deliciously tasty form. The chief ingredients in all Sanitarium Health Foods are Nature's ingredients in which all the rich healthful nutriment is retained.

Fitness is not the result of good luck or chance; it is the result of good living, exercise and the eating of carefully chosen foods.

Keep yourself fit . . . always ask your grocer for Sanitarium Health Foods.

Increased Points for Gifts; effective 1st August last

Index No.	Gifts	Points	Index No.	Gifts	Points
136	Scout Knives	37	374	Saucepans, 1 1/2 Pint	83
245	Gollywogs	54	375	" 2 1/2 "	94
249	Marbles	35	376	" 3 "	119
151	Water Pistols	8	377	" 5 "	135
303	Ladies' Wrist Watch	598	378	" 7 "	170
323	Compactum Set	70	380	Saucepans, 1 1/2 Pint	128
346	Plate, 7"	19	381	" 2 1/2 "	147
347	" 8"	25	382	" 3 "	185
348	" 9"	32	383	" 5 "	202
349	" 10"	36	384	" 7 "	259
350	Coupe, 8"	32	386	Aluminium Anders 9"	72
371	Aluminium Meas. ure, 9"	72	387	Aluminium Boiler, 14 Pints	314
372	Kettle, 4 Pint	123	391	Pudding Steamer, 7"	75

NEW GIFTS

JAM & BUTTER DISHES.
Attractive coloured glass,
various shapes.
7, 11 & 13 Points.
Postage, 3d. each.

CHINA CUP, SAUCER AND
PLATE with mottled gold
pattern.

26 & 42 Points.
Postage and packing, 6d.

CREAM JUG, Imitation
crystal, useful size.
15 Points.
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GARICORD APRON—3 dif-
ferent patterns, delightful
colours and designs.
Index No. 74—58 Points.
Index No. 75—62 Points.
Index No. 76—74 Points.
Postage, 3d.

MEN'S "DAWN" BRAND
HANDKERCHIEF, size 18" x
16". Attractive "striped"
border.
22 Points.
Postage, 3d.

LADIES' IRISH LAWN HAND-
KERCHIEFS. Box of 6, white or
pastel ground with white or
coloured embroidery.
78 Points.
Postage, 3d.

WHAT TO DO!

All gifts are available at the following addresses:—

SYDNEY 13 Hunter Street.
MELBOURNE York House, Little Collins Street, Opp. Australia
Arcade.
PERTH Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central Arcade,
Hay Street.
HOBART 43 Elizabeth Street.
LAUNCESTON 82 Charles Street.
NEWCASTLE Cnr. Tudor Street and Parkway Avenue, Hamilton.

If you cannot call, send your coupons in separate package (with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for catalogue of free gifts.
This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia.

IMPORTANT: Wartime conditions make these offers
subject to alteration without notice.

Sanitarium
HEALTH FOODS
THERE'S A WEALTH OF HEALTH IN
SANITARIMUM HEALTH FOODS

Fashion PATTERNS



F2003

F3152

F3142

F2004

F3147

F2006

F2005

F2005.—Effective housecoat with slimming front panel. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/9.

F2006.—Pocketed evening frock with matching bolero. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½yds. for frock, 1½yds. for bolero, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/9.

F2003.—Sporty style with pockets and smart, full back. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F3152.—Afternoon frock with full bodice and skirt gathered into a slim waist. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3142.—Simple style with unusual bodice effect. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F2004.—Youthful frock with flattering neckline, 8 to 14 years. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/3.

F3147.—Trim jacket frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. for jacket. Pattern, 1/6.

Special Concession Pattern

TWO engaging summer frocks and a flattering ensemble. Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.
No. 1.—Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide, ½yd. contrast.
No. 2.—Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide, ½yd. contrast.
No. 3.—Requires 2½yds. for skirt, 1½yds. blouse, 1½yds. bolero, 36ins. wide.

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Available for one month from date of issue, 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 2d extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:
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Wings in the Night

Continued from Page 5

A PRESSURE of her fingers, and he was out in the back lane. He was reluctant to go; he felt like turning back, but as it was he did not reach the Hotel Wagner until eight o'clock was striking, and he was taken up to the Oberst's suite.

Von Siegen himself came out into the corridor. "You're punctual, Herr Ruckert!" His voice fell to a confidential note. "Did I tell you I've got another guest? Fraulein Bretnier can be trusted. She's in the Intelligence Department here, so you can talk freely."

Bretnier! The name was faintly familiar to Raeburn, and as he entered he was groping in his memory. At his first glimpse of her, he knew with a shock of dismay that he had met her somewhere.

He made his bow over her outstretched hand. "I've just been hearing about you, Herr Ruckert," she said with a smile. "I hope it was complimentary, gnadige Fraulein!"

"To drop from a plane in the dark, my dear," said von Siegen, pouring out the aperitifs, "well—it requires courage."

"That's to be expected in our agents!" There was a friendly glint in her dark eyes. "You go back to-night, I believe, Herr Ruckert?"

So she was in the Oberst's confidence! Their talk flowed lightly as the dining-table was wheeled smoothly in through folding doors. Bretnier . . . Yes, he could place her now. Lill Bretnier. They had met one night in a Paris cafe before the war, and next day he had heard she was employed by the German Intelligence Department. Her memory of faces could not be faulty, yet she gave no sign of recognition. As the meal progressed his discomfort became acute. He caught a side-glance she gave him, and suddenly he realised why Lill Bretnier was here at dinner. She had been asked to check up on him before he was permitted to return to France.

"It's strange we never met in Paris last summer, Herr Ruckert," she said amiably. "I knew some of your friends. Lixt, for one."

"Yes, it's odd, Fraulein," he assented. Was she playing with him, he wondered. By the end of dinner one thing was plain to him. This girl and von Siegen were on intimate terms; the man's admiration could be seen every time his pale eyes rested upon her.

"Thanks, I prefer my own cigarettes," she was saying. "I think I've left them in the next room."

Von Siegen opened a box of cigars. "I must see what's wrong," he remarked when she did not return, and the communicating door swung gently behind him. The excuse was obvious: he wanted Lill Bretnier's report.

Raeburn drew in a quick breath. If she had been pretending—if at this moment she was whispering the truth—now was his chance; the only chance he was likely to get. No doubt they had taken precautions: there would be Gestapo men downstairs, but he might slip them if he was quick enough.

He swung back as von Siegen returned, and the two men faced each other. Raeburn's heart gave a jump, for there was relief in the pale grey eyes. Fraulein Bretnier followed him, her face expressionless.

With fingers he contrived to keep steady, Raeburn held a match to his cigar. If she had been playing with him during dinner, why had she not denounced him? If he read the signs aright, she had told von Siegen nothing. The man was now completely satisfied, for presently he handed back the slip of paper with the special watermark which was worth more than a passport at every Intelligence headquarters on the frontier. But as time went on, Raeburn could see that the girl was restless. When the phone bell hummed and the Oberst went out to interview an officer from headquarters, Fraulein Bretnier sprang to her feet.

"Herr Ruckert! . . . Did you think I'd forgotten you—Captain Raeburn?" She spoke in a rapid whisper.

"Frankly, I found it difficult to believe, Fraulein."

"You wonder why I haven't told him? I've got a proposition. I'm going to take your place in the plane to-night, Captain Raeburn—I'm clearing out!"

"Hadden't you better explain?" "I'm clearing out, I tell you! I'm finished. That beast von Siegen—I'm through with him." Her eyes were dilated. "I'm through with the whole show. I'm going to Madrid—to friends there."

"My dear Fraulein, you'll never get through France. Besides, it means a drop by 'chute in the dark'."

She swept her objections aside. "I can get to Madrid! I've got a passport—everything."

"At the aerodrome here—"

"That's the easiest part of it! I've been waiting for a chance like this—and now it's come."

"The Herr Oberst will be interested to hear about your proposition, Fraulein!"

"Tell him—he'll laugh at you. He thinks I'm in love with him." Her hands were clenched. "It's a square deal I'm offering you. No; I'm not offering. You've got no alternative—except a firing squad."

There was a step in the passage. By the time the door opened, she was back in her chair adjusting a cushion behind her head. Von Siegen went over and helped himself to a brandy and soda.

"You'll have another drink, Ruckert?" he cried. "It'll be chilly in the air to-night. The plane will soon be waiting—you'd better think of making tracks."

"I'm ready now, Herr Oberst."

Lill Bretnier rose. "I've just offered to drive Herr Ruckert to the aerodrome. I've got a headache, and I'll be glad of the fresh air."

"As you wish. Safe journey, Ruckert! I'm glad you've met Fraulein Bretnier. You may be useful to each other yet. One can never tell in a war."

Ten minutes later, Raeburn was going down with her in the lift. "You mean to go through with this, Fraulein?" he asked as he stepped into her two-seater.

"It would be amusing," she said lightly. "to hear how you get back to France."

"If I ever get back!"

HER laugh was frigid. "That's your look out. Here's the market square; I'll drop you now. I must call at my flat for a few minutes to get ready. Lebwohl!"

He watched the rear light of her car disappear. Against the sky was the outline of the equestrian statue where he had waited for a guide to Venetia Osmond's lodgings. He gave a sigh of gratitude. Her plans, at any rate, would be going smoothly. By this time she would be on her way to the lakeside with Barthold; and with any luck the scientist would be safely in Paris by the afternoon.

Raeburn chuckled grimly. He had urged Venetia to clear out with Herr Barthold, but now it looked as if he would have to ask her for a hiding place until he could get into France himself. He decided to go to her lodgings and wait.

On his second knock the back door was opened.

"I'll wait in the Fraulein's room," he said, and the next moment Venetia herself flung open the door. Raeburn stared at her. "You haven't gone yet! Nothing wrong?" "I wish I knew . . . Come in. The market van hasn't arrived. Herr Barthold and I have been waiting for nearly an hour."

"My brother will come," said the woman. "He is late, Fraulein, but he will come."

Barthold was huddled in a greatcoat beside the stove. "It is Fraulein Osmond I am anxious about," he said. "She has taken risks on my account."

When Raeburn told her what had happened at the Hotel Wagner the girl did not speak for a moment.

"I'm glad," she said slowly. "That drop by 'chute in the dark—it's been worrying me to death. You can go with Herr Barthold now."

"And you?" "We'll see, Nick . . ." She broke off and turned to the door. "My brother has come, Fraulein! The van is in the lane."

Venetia Osmond pulled her nurse's cap over her bright hair. "Ready, Herr Barthold?"

In the darkness Raeburn could make out the shape of a small, covered van. It was the girl who gave orders: clambering in, he

squatted with Barthold behind some wooden crates.

"If we're stopped," she told him, "I'm going to an urgent case in the country. This is where a uniform comes in useful." The doors snapped shut, and they began to move.

Barthold's voice came to him in the darkness. The old man spoke of his work in the War Laboratory under the watchful eye of the Gestapo: of his bid for freedom, and the nine weeks as a fugitive before he had found sanctuary with Venetia Osmond.

"Yes, I have suffered like so many of my calling, but my knowledge was useful to the Reich . . . What's that?"

He gasped as a challenging voice rang out, and the van came to a jarring stop.

Above the throb of engines they could hear Venetia talking. Her nurse's uniform evidently got them through, for they were on the move again.

Raeburn thought of Lill Bretnier. She would be over the French lines now, flying at high altitude towards the southern slopes of the Vosges. The van stopped and the doors were swung open. Venetia's voice spoke crisply:

"Down there we'll find a path. We're about a kilometre from the shore of the Ostmsee." She seemed oddly calm. A few words to the driver, then she turned to Barthold: "We'll go as quick as you can manage. Keep close behind me. We're between two gun-emplacements—we must look out for patrols."

Five minutes later they were crouching in some bushes by the side of a stream. The clink of boots on pebbles drew nearer. A detachment on patrol halted a dozen yards away, then went on. The path grew steeper, and he saw a faint sparkle of starlight on water. They were at the shore of the Ostmsee; beyond were the foothills of the Swiss mountains.

Mt. Isa mothers given wrong babies

Continued from Page 7

I DID not want to give up Barbara, Mrs. Wakefield did not want to part with Aina. Both are darlings, but it had to be, and at once, so I am glad the mistake was discovered before the babies were older."

Mrs. Tamminen has a special cause of distress just now.

Her little daughter has not taken to her yet, though she goes to her grandparents and her father readily.

Mrs. Willis is advising her daughter to persevere, for the trial will be more severe for the child when she returns to Mt. Isa without her grandparents.

The grandparents are proud of Aina. They never saw Barbara, as it is 18 months since their daughter and son-in-law visited Brisbane.

Birthday plans

THE Finnish name Aina means "purity," and it seemed a fitting one as Aina lay asleep in her cot. Clapped in her arms was a big Mickey Mouse given her by Mrs. Wakefield when the Tamminens passed through Townsville, where the Wakefields are staying just now.

When Aina saw the Wakefields in Townsville she quickly went to them, but as quickly returned to her mother's arms.

Both mothers have promised to remember both birthdays.

"Aina and Barbara must be friends all their lives," said Mrs. Tamminen. "They cannot attend the same school as they live too

should be here . . ." She had led them to a narrow inlet, and Raeburn heard the jingle of a chain. "Get in, Herr Barthold. Good-bye—and good luck. You'll find cars, Nick." "You're coming," he told her. "We mustn't quarrel about it—please." She touched his hand. "My job's here, you know. I had a message to-night. I leave Gronenstadt in two days—on another job near the Siegfried Line. It's all in the game!"

"Yes," he repeated slowly. "I suppose it's all in the game." He lifted her hand to his lips, then stepped into the boat.

In a few minutes he had stopped rowing, for he heard a quiet hail in the darkness. A black object loomed on the water. As they climbed over the rail, a powerful engine spluttered into life and they began to move.

In a private suite at the Hotel Wagner, Colonel von Siegen was enjoying a final brandy and soda with an officer on the Intelligence Staff.

"I had a narrow squeak to-night," he said. "I nearly made a colossal blunder. A man who called himself Ruckert came to see me. He must have known we have an agent called Ruckert in France. It's a new way of getting false information to us!"

"How did you find him out?"

"His fingerprints in his hotel bedroom. I had them telegraphed to the central office at Berlin. His general description tallied, but the fingerprints were not our man Ruckert's."

"Where's the fellow now?" "Flying back to France in one of our planes," said von Siegen. "He's going to make a parachute drop. I found I had time to stop the plane, but I didn't."

"Heavens! Why not?"

"Because I thought of a sweeter revenge than that. I telephoned an order to the aerodrome. When the passenger jumps from the plane over the Vosges mountains—the parachute will fall to open!"

(Copyright)

DEAR! DEAR! HOW
LIFELESS MY
COMPLEXION LOOKS

10 Minutes
Later

FRESH,
GLOWING SKIN AFTER
Pears Tonic Action

Refreshing! Invigorating! The lively stimulation of Pears' Tonic Action wakes up lazy cells and tissues . . . brings back radiant loveliness. No other soap is so thoroughly matured, so mellow and pure as Pears.

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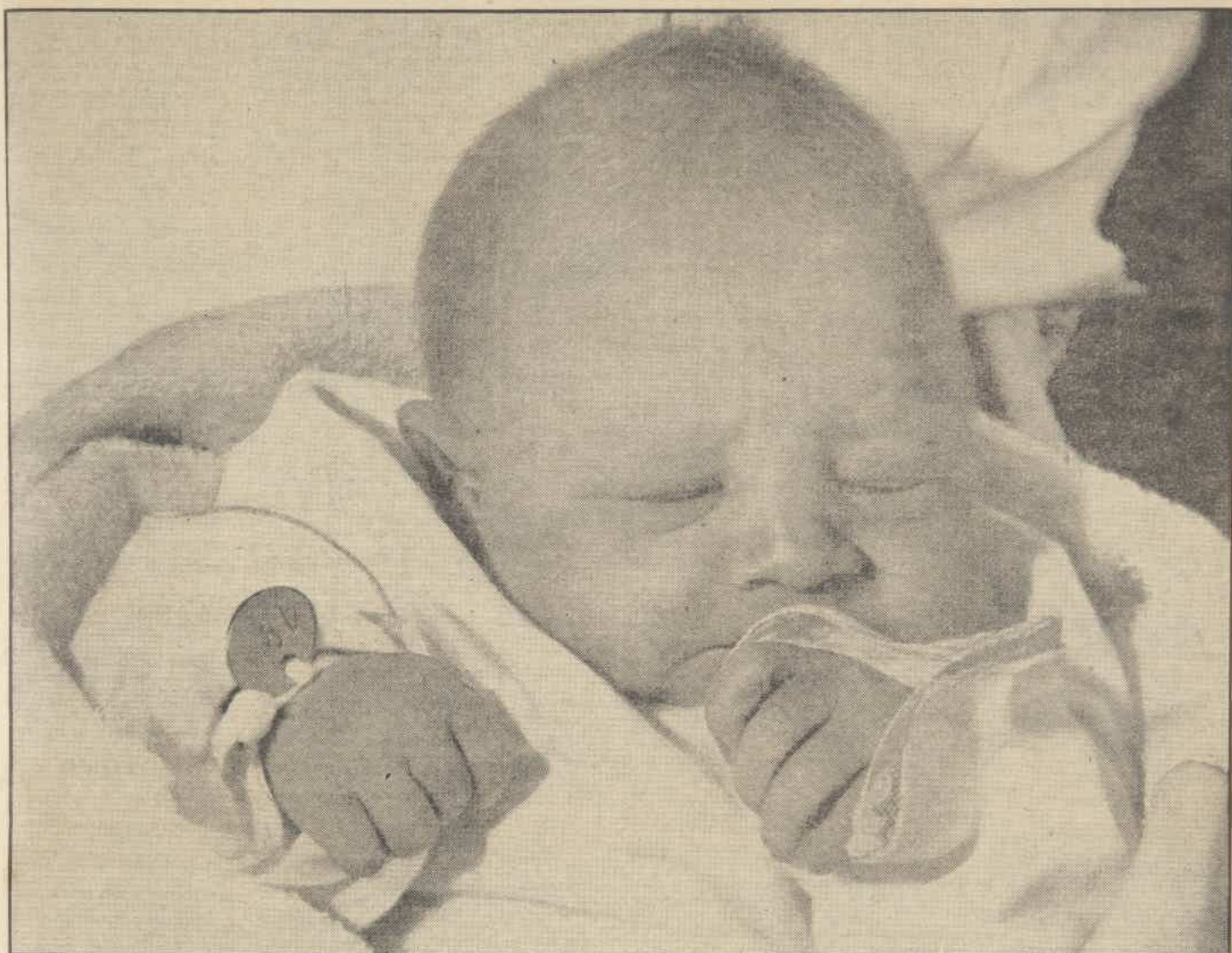
ECONOMICAL

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm all day so you can wash often. The mellow, creamy lather is so gentle on the skin and leaves it soft and smooth.



BANDEX
The absorbent gauze bandage
THAT FASTENS ITSELF
BANDEX does not adhere
to skin, flesh or hair
FINGER SIZE 6d. MEDIUM 1/6. LARGE 1/6
Obtainable at all Chemists & Stores!

How hospitals identify new-born babies



NUMBERED for identification. This two-hours-old baby at St. Margaret's Hospital, Sydney, wears a numbered disc and his mother wears a corres-

ponding one. The discs are tied on before umbilical cord is cut. Before his first bath baby is labelled again with adhesive tape. (See picture right below.)



WRIST TAPES. Sewing identity tapes on wrists of baby at Sydney's famous Crown Street Hospital. The tapes are not removed till baby leaves. One shows name, other sex of baby.

SENSATIONAL Mt. Isa (Qld.) case of mixed babies (see story page 7) puts spotlight on systems of identification. These pictures show methods at some leading hospitals. Many private hospitals report they label cots, not babies. Some American hospitals footprint or fingerprint babies, others use mild rays to sunburn initials on baby. Hospitals claim confusion impossible, but all mothers exhibit anxiety on the point.



LABEL is securely tied to baby's wrap at birth at Royal Hospital; it is pinned to clothes and only removed at bath time.



ADHESIVE PLASTER between shoulders shows name and number. Disc and tape are not removed till baby leaves.

WARNING PAINS IN THE BACK Dreaded RHEUMATISM That threatens so many lives



Do you get nagging back pains, dizzy spells, tired, weak, irritable feeling, disturbed sleep, urinary troubles? If you do—be aware of Kidney and Bladder Disorder, danger, at which means risk of Crippling, Breakdown, Deadly Rheumatism, Complaints, Heart Injury—It is a life of suffering and dependence on others. There is a remedy, but the longer you put off taking it the deeper seated your trouble may become, and with kidney, bladder, rheumatic and uric acid troubles, prompt is too grave a risk to take. Harrison's Pills are recommended as the surest, safest, least expensive remedy you can take. They work on sound scientific lines, quickly restore the kidneys and bladder—dissolve the acid crystals, remove the acid and deposits, kill the germs, and heal the inflamed tissues. Backache, Weak, Nervous, Dizzy Spells, Stiff or Sealed Joints, Gravel Pain, Headaches, Rings Under the Eyes, Muddy Skin, Swelling, Burning Itching or Excessive Urination, Loss of Energy—these and other dire troubles GO as Harrison's Pills rejuvenate all the functional organs.

Guarantee Go to your chemist and ask for a package of Harrison's Pills. Three sizes—12 pills, 2/-; 24 pills, 3/-; and 66 pills, 5/-. You are GUARANTEED relief from the first bottle or money back. Further, you are assured of a lasting, complete clearing up of your trouble if such be possible from any remedy. If not, bear a chemist or store just your order to Antagonized Laboratories, 2001 House, Sydney.

HARRISON'S PILLS
Remove the Cause!

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Countless women are indebted to Paul Van Schuyler for his discovery of

"VANIX"

by the use of which superfluous hairs can be permanently destroyed. "VANIX," which is simple and pleasant to use and harmless to the skin, is now available to the women of Australia. Price 5/6 (Post 5/10) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all 13 branches. Sole Pharmacy, 272 Lill Collins St., Melbourne. The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melbourne. And Birko Chemists Ltd., 67 and 77a Rundle St., Adelaide.

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoloid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoloid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vacuoloid with this guarantee.

SHE wondered what this old house was like inside. It reminded her of her childhood as much as the garden. It had the same sturdy, spacious look, as if it had been built for a family to live in year after pleasant year. She tried to peer through the windows, but those on the side were too high, and on the verandah the light was against her and she couldn't see. But she must see inside. The sign said: "Inquire of Jos. P. Henderson, 10 Willow Place."

She would go and ask him about it. She turned her back on the garden, knowing that she would be returning, and went out through the wicket gate.

It wasn't hard to find 10 Willow Place. The estate agent's office was built like a cottage, with a brick porch and blue shutters. A girl was typing at a desk, and a lean, sandy-haired man was talking to a client.

When Ellen explained what she wanted, the girl called: "Mr. Henderson!" and the sandy-haired man came forward.

"Now that's too bad!" he said, regretfully. "Two clients at once is more than I generally have. But I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll let you have the key and you can go and look at the place yourself, if you're in a hurry. Then first thing to-morrow I can come up and show you round myself. This gentleman here wants to look at a farm, and I'd like to drive him there at once, if I can."

The arrangement couldn't have suited Ellen better. "I'll bring the key back as soon as I've been over the house."

But he waved his hand in a generous gesture: "No, don't you do that. If you're staying with Mrs. Biddle, it's all right. Just keep it overnight and I'll be up and get it in the morning."

Ellen had an adventurous feeling as she slipped the key in the lock and felt it turn under her fingers. She pushed the door open and stepped into the wide hall. There was the musty smell of an unoccupied house, but she scarcely noticed it.

She went round in a delirious haze, seeing only vaguely the hardwood floors laid in patterns, the sun streaming through the south-west windows. An idea was forming in her mind. An audacious, breath-taking idea that she must not let come to birth before she knew. But oh, if by some impossible chain of circumstance it might come true!

Mr. Henderson told her the price next morning. The rent was much less than she expected, but even so it was more than she could afford.

"Nobody wants houses like these any more," Mr. Henderson expatiated. "In spite of the fact that they're built to last and have nice open fireplaces and big rooms, and ceilings high enough, so you don't bump your head. No! They want little houses full of chromium taps and fancy tiles and electric cookers. Can't stand 'em myself, but I sell a lot of 'em."

She asked about the range, about the pipes, and the water supply, all the time saying to herself: "Don't be ridiculous, Ellen, don't be ridiculous!"

But she couldn't get the idea out of her mind, and at last she faced it. She wanted to come here to live. The more she thought about it, the more imperative it seemed. In this

house she could breathe. In this garden she could let her heart expand, in this atmosphere there was peace.

Even as she thought of it her heart contracted with fear, and she whispered: "It's crazy! You've let yourself in for a frightful disappointment—because you know it's impossible."

When Bill and she parted, as she was sure for any degree of happiness they must, she could not afford to live in such a house on any salary she might earn. It would be madness to spend her own savings, and she could not accept generosity from Bill. The mistakes that had come into their lives had been the fault of both of them, and she would not have it that Bill should pay for her release.

All the same, at the end of a week she sent for Bill. "Please come," she wrote briefly, "I've reached a decision, and I want to talk to you about it."

Waiting for him, she grew nervous. He hadn't telephoned when he would come, probably it would be over the week-end because it would be difficult to get away from business any other time.

Mr. Henderson, knowing her interest in the house and scenting a lease, had told her to keep the key. "Then you can go in whenever you feel like it and look things over. I'll admit it would need a lot done to it."

"Oh, yes," she had surprised him by saying, "but that's the nice part!"

The answer is—

1. Henry Kendall.
2. One and a half million miles.
3. North Atlantic, South Atlantic.
4. President Roosevelt, Democrat. Wendell Willkie, Republican.
5. Yes.
6. Lower.
7. The Rhapsody in Blue.
8. Both (on one issue). Florida (on another).
9. Napoleon.
10. An apparatus for making stencils of written pages.

Questions on Page 10

Women, thought Mr. Henderson, were funny.

Sitting on Mrs. Biddle's verandah, listening to Mrs. Biddle discourse at length on the vagaries and eccentricities of her friends, Ellen planned what she would do to the house and the garden. The thing she liked best was that they both needed so much done to them. It would keep her busy for years—particularly the way she meant to achieve her objective.

She hadn't been busy for a long time—not busy enough. Bill hadn't wanted her to go on working after she married, and after being used to a life full of activity and responsibility it was a strain to sit in the flat doing nothing. Housekeeping didn't take long; you couldn't drag out work indefinitely, not if you were efficient; and window-boxes were child's play. There had never been enough to do. Maybe that was one reason she had grown so restless.

But now there would be. She must see about having the walls and the woodwork painted—perhaps she could do some of it herself. Once the rooms were lightened, she could plan

Promise of Perfection

Continued from Page 6

what chintizes to hang, where to put the low couch and the coffee-table, the etchings and lamps she saw in her mind's eye. She would have curtains to make; long days of fine hemming, sitting in the garden looking over the petunia bed.

That reminded her, the petunia bed needed weeding; the flowers were choked with rank grass. Already she felt a proprietary interest in the place, but even if it were never hers she could at least do this small service. She decided to walk down the road to the house.

On her knees before the petunias, she found herself still planning. There was room for everything, even if it wasn't a big house. More than enough room with only one person in it, she thought, putting Bill out of her mind with an effort. For Bill would not live in this house. She must get used to thinking of life without Bill from now on.

How dreadful that sounded! So cold-blooded and final. And yet it was the only way to solve the problem. Afterwards, when she settled down here and was busy with the thousand and one details of improvement, and with making an income to lavish on her treasure, she would find peace and quiet and contentment. She must look forward to that time, keep her eyes on the promise it held out, while she asked Bill to let her go. She must not allow herself to think of Bill's place in the house.

She couldn't be sure how he would take her decision. Living with a man for five years didn't prepare you for every contingency, especially when the last year was one of studied evasions. She found herself wondering whether he would choose to be nonchalant about it, or hurt, or surprised; wondering if he would pretend that he had not thought, too, of separation. If you could only reach a decision and then act on it immediately before you had time to worry and tremble over the outcome!

She sat back on her heels and let her hands lie in her lap. When the grass was cut and the bird-bath straightened—oh, but all this was probably an impossible dream! This garden might become only a memory with herself wandering in it like a lost shade. Her shoulders drooped.

It was so that Bill found her. "Your wife? Now, isn't that too bad? She's been looking for you all day, and she was that restless she took a walk; she's been for ever taking walks down the road!" Mrs. Biddle had been glad to inform him. "No, I don't know when she'll be back. Why don't you walk down and meet her? Right down there. She'll be glad to see you!"

But he had not seen Ellen on the road. He had about decided to turn back and run the risk of Mrs. Biddle's conversation when he saw a house. It made him stop short in the road.

It wasn't an unusual house at all; not very big, not any particular style of architecture. But solid and strong and roomy. Big windows and a verandah. Lots of space round it. Trees. A gate that invited you in, and up the flagged walk and the shallow steps to the door. It wouldn't hurt to look round a bit before he went back.

He tried the door and it opened. He saw Ellen from an upstairs window. She looked so little sitting there, so relaxed, almost as if she were asleep and dreaming. He put the thought of the house behind him and went down to her, shaken by what the sight of her did to him.

She jumped up, startled. How pretty she was, with her flushed cheeks and her wide eyes and the sunlight sitting down on her nut-brown hair! Like the Ellen he had married.

"I came up just as soon as I could," he said, holding both her hands. "Ellen, what did you mean? What have you decided?"

It was hard to tell him. She had never dreamed it would be so hard. To make it easier she pulled her hands away, but his eyes were fastened on hers and she could not avoid them. In spite of herself, her voice faltered.

"But you know yourself, Bill, we couldn't go on as we were. It was dreadful, we weren't ourselves." Her breath coming faster and faster, she told him what she had decided. That they must both try to start their lives over again. "And I'm going to go back to work. I've decided. I know now I'm the kind of woman who needs independence. I want—I want to lead my own life."

His face showed how stunned he was. Ellen turned from him towards the house. It glowed warm and serene in the afternoon sun. It seemed to promise peace and refreshment to her when this nightmare horror was ended.

"You see, Bill, I've found the place where I want to live. Where I can build myself up again. I'll take careful planning and working, but that's what I need. I like to work, to work towards something. I've never had enough to do since we married; that was part of the trouble. The place isn't perfect—that's the marvellous part about it, but it gives—it gives the promise of perfection, and as soon as I saw the house—"

He stared at her. "The house?" She swept her hand in a circle. "Yes. Maybe you don't see it, but I can visualise just what I want to do. It will grow and so will I."

"This house?" he cried, startled. But he wanted this house! He had known it the moment he saw it; he was sure of it while he walked through it, thinking, with a quickened heartbeat, of how it could be managed. The travelling would be hard, but other people did it, and he'd be willing to do it, too, for the sake of a place like this to come home to. He'd tear down the partition between the parlors and make one big room out of it. He would build bookshelves at one end and a window seat at the other. There would be lots of space for his workshop in the store-room; in the winters he could work in the kitchen. He wanted a place of his own, a home.

They were staring at each other. "Do you mean—you want to live here?" he asked. How queer his voice sounded, even to himself.

"Yes," she said. "I felt as if I'd found an answer to—to something, when I found this house and this garden."

Suddenly he took her by the shoulders. "Ellen—Ellen, I want to live here, too!"

"You?" she cried. "Here?" "I want to live in this house," he said again, on a stronger note. "But not alone, Ellen. With you."

"But I—"

"That's what has been the matter with us. We needed—what did you call it? Something that has—the promise of perfection to work for. Something that's our own. A place to grow in. You discovered that for yourself—and so did I, the minute I walked down the road and saw this house. Why didn't we find it out before?"

She looked at him. It was the face she had known and loved come back to her again; his eyes were lit with hope and a shy ardor. In a wave of self-pity, she thought how narrowly she had come to missing this. It had been so sudden, all this resolving of their problem, that she still could not believe it, but she had the deep conviction that they had stumbled on the truth, each in his own way.

"Ellen," he said pleadingly, "say it. Say we shall live here together."

The house called them both, and they walked towards it arm in arm. "It's not very big, is it, after all?" he demanded, surveying it with pride. "But more than big enough for the two of us."

"Yes," she said. "Even, perhaps, big enough for three of us."

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Men's Hearts BEAT FASTER

MAKE MEN'S HEARTS beat faster—give your lips warm, kiss-inviting allure. Touch them with Michel Lipstick. Notice how comfortable and satin-smooth it leaves them—what a fresh young color it gives them—how its subtle fragrance helps make them irresistible. That's because Michel is a cunningly blended lipstick that conditions and protects your lips as it beautifies them. Its perfectly balanced consistency keeps your mouth fresh and kiss-inviting the clock round. Seven beautifying shades—Blonde, Brunette, Vivid, Raspberry, Capucine, Cherry, Scarlet.

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'Essential' to hair hygiene.
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Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.



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For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

PLAN FOR FUTURE

SHOULD we realistically plan our future or not? My husband, who is in the A.I.F., and I have just expended a certain amount of money on a proposition that will be of no use to us until he is demobilised after the war.

People hearing of this are surprised, as the majority of people in a similar position are selling much that we think might be of value to them when they also commence ordinary life again.

Surely this attitude is a germ of the bad variety, bred of a feeling of hopelessness. Every Australian has faith in an Allied victory, so why not bring that faith home to your own life? This is only a short period of separation.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. I. Jennings, c/o Mrs. Wilson, The Cottage, First Ave., Sandgate, Qld.

PROPER PRAISE

THERE are many persons who, when something complimentary is said about an absentee, always agree with "Yes, but—"

The very sound of the word uttered in this sense connotes unpleasantness.

I think it is mostly because they are jealous of those to whom praise is due.

What they really should say is "Yes, and—"

What a difference the substituted word makes, and, after all, praise is always meritoriously earned.

Mrs. H. Harrison, Gladstone Rd., Briar Hill, Vic.

EXCESSIVE MAKE-UP

MANY women who are now wearing their new uniforms as members of the various national service associations are making themselves ridiculous by continuing to use excessive make-up.

After all, uniforms are not party frocks, and they do not fit with lipstick and rouge.

Mr. E. Hamblly, 23 Rickard St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

Opinions differ about men who knit

WHY should any woman object to men or boys knitting, Tess van Sommers (17/8/40)?

Surely we all realise we must help just now, and if a man cannot give his services to his country we should



Earn praise, not mirth.

encourage him to do something for others on active service.

Any man or boy who cannot knit should learn.

A pat on the back, instead of a giggle from feminine onlookers, would work wonders.

Mrs. L. Handley, 259 Wardell Rd., Marlickville, N.S.W.

Not man's job

I ASKED my husband how he would like to try his hand at knitting a scarf to help swell the Comforts Fund supply.

He looked at me incredulously, then said: "Me knit a scarf—what do you think I am, an old woman?"

I think that is the answer the average male would make.

Let women keep the knitting craze to themselves, and our menfolk will keep the respect of their male friends.

Mrs. R. Dickinson, Airtle, 74 Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

Show more ability

MEN who have an artistic temperament are often criticised by women because they have a desire to knit.

I do not consider that a man is effeminate if he finds pleasure in knitting. I have seen some beautiful articles of clothing which have been knitted by men.

Perhaps it is that the stronger sex have a steadier hand, which enables them to keep the same tension of knitting while the weaker sex are inclined to be erratic.

Elma L. Martin, 101 Holmes Rd., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Are own critics

THE average woman does not object to men knitting. She rather applauds such efforts.

But the men themselves object, using the excuse that handwork such as knitting and sewing is effeminate.

This is hardly the case, as many Naval men are adepts at both, and any slur on their masculinity would be ridiculous.

So if men really want to knit and help the war effort there is nothing to stop them except their own opinions of themselves.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Out of place

I DO not suppose there is anything very odd in men knitting, but it just does not seem a man's work.

Just imagine, for instance, a roomful of men sitting around knitting—with their big, clumsy hands! Would it not seem rather "slimy"?

Miss E. Wiseman, P.O. Morven, N.S.W.

Could be done

YOUNG men are not likely to take up knitting seriously, but there seems little reason why elderly men should avoid it.

There are plenty of men past service age who could utilise their spare time very well by knitting for their sons or grandsons.

If they found the heels and toes hard to manage, some woman would always be ready to help.

Mrs. H. Murphy, King William Rd., Hyde Park, S.A.

Refuse to answer or evade the too-curious

CONGRATULATIONS, Mrs. D. Walter (17/8/40), for your outspoken criticism of inquisitive people.

In similar circumstances, I, too, have found it difficult to convey in a firm yet courteous manner my natural indignation.

But, since few "true" friends will ask personal or intimate questions, why worry about being rude to curious acquaintances? Seemingly it's the only cure.

Mrs. L. G. Brien, 20 Albert Cres., Surrey Hills E10, Vic.

Keep away

HOW are we to deal with people who ask embarrassing personal questions?

The wisest course is to avoid them altogether, if possible.

Over-curious people are usually of the gossiping type who delight in passing on any personal information they can get.

If necessary be rude rather than divulge any private information.

Mrs. Lillian Gadd, Ourimbah, N.S.W.

Return query

A GOOD way to deal with people who pry into our lives is to answer their questions with a question.

For instance, one may ask you, "How much is your dress allowance?" You reply, "How much is yours?"

This is a most effective way to check curiosity, and can be done in a quiet manner.

Mrs. M. Scott, P.O., Yarram, Vic.

Needs firmness

IF the person is just thoughtless.

It is more tactful to change the subject or give a non-committal answer.

With the ruthless "stickyeak," however, one has to be firm and even impolite in refusing information.

Miss O. Maher, P.O. Kogarah, N.S.W.

Why return gifts after friendship ends?

IT certainly is unkind to return a gift after a quarrel, Miss M. Constance (17/8/40), and only a very unkind person would do so.

However, if it is done, the person to whom it is returned need not



Returned without thanks.

worry, but can just pass it on again to someone else.

This will take the hurt away and make another person happy.

Amy Bay, 146 Fletcher Rd., Largs Bay, Adelaide.

Abuse generosity

TO return gifts to each other after a quarrel seems a most insulting action on the part of former friends.

The generous spirit in which such gifts were given should be honored and not abused.

Miss Muriel Meller, 8 Reid St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Return necessary

MOST couples have trivial differences at some time or other.

But after a serious and final quarrel I think presents should be returned.

For most girls it would be a matter of principle.

Gifts are bestowed on the condition that the friendship is to endure. If it fails, gifts should be returned.

Sometimes the receiver is stubborn and an appeal is made to the law.

In every case that I have heard of the presents were ordered to be returned to the donor.

Mrs. E. Johns, Drivett St., Adelaide.

BAD TEMPER ONLY

FOR years now artists and others have been allowed their displays of temperament, but why should they? I would describe it rather as temper.

If ordinary people did one-half the things that these people do, they would be described as "rude and ill-mannered." But it is entirely different for the artistic or sports leaders.

Imagine an office-worker throwing her fountain-pen to the other end of the room in a display of "temperament." She would soon be asked to seek other employment.

It is time we required our talented people to behave with a little common sense and self-control.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Grange, S.A.

AVOID HYPOCRISY

WHY do people — especially women — have to be such hypocrites?

Do they have to say when asked their opinion on a hat or perhaps a dress that it is "gorgeous," "simply divine," and so on, when all the time they really regard it as freakish or very ordinary?

When asked an opinion, why not give it, instead of waiting until a person's back is turned before saying what you really think?

There is certainly no need to be cruelly critical, but to be truthful will make your word valued far more highly among your associates.

Miss Barbara Perrot, 8 Nicoll St., Earlwood, N.S.W.

HELP SOLDIERS

MY daughter, through a correspondence club, has just met a young country soldier 20 years old.

On his last leave he had to walk the streets of Melbourne all night, as he was unable to get a bed.

Needless to say, this will not occur again, as he will receive a warm welcome in our home, but I wonder how many more homes could take one of these lonely lads, and let them see that people appreciate what they are doing for us.

Mrs. Haygarth, 21 Beauchamp St., Preston N18, Vic.



YIELDS TO NEW CANADIOL MIXTURE

Speed 2/3 to-day at chemist or store for a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting) — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of hispidly cold Canada — take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way" — continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

"FUSS-POT" PHIL

PHIL'S MOTHER WAS WORRIED OVER HIM. HE WAS A REGULAR FUSS-POT, HIGHLY STRUNG AND NERVOUS.

HE WON'T EAT THIS AND HE WON'T EAT THAT. HE'S A REGULAR FUSS-POT!

JUDY, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT PHIL. HE LOOKS SO PALE AND THIN.

I'LL TAKE HIM TO DR. GREGORY TOMORROW.

NEXT DAY DR. GREGORY GAVE PHIL A THOROUGH EXAMINATION.

MRS. ROYAL, ALL THESE TROUBLES UP PHIL'S CAN BE TRACED BACK TO NIGHT-STARVATION. YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP.

HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE UP ENERGY. IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED DURING SLEEP, NO WONDER PHIL JUST PICKS AT HIS FOOD, BECOMES NERVOUS AND THIN. BUT HIM ON TO HORLICKS.

AND SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT.

SIX WEEKS LATER

CAN I HAVE ANOTHER HELPING, MUMMY?

THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE IT, EH, JUDY?

When children just pick at their food, look pale and get nervous, then it's time they had their Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings back the appetite and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children adore the flavour of Horlicks, specially when it's made with a Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Big economy size, 2/9. Special pack containing mixer, measuring spoon and half pound tin, only 2/.

HORLICKS

GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

To Relieve Catarrh Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can now be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in every instance has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:

Secure from your chemist 1 ounce Parmitin (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parmitin is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing rumbling, hissing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.

Powerful Skin Remedy Discovered

Dries up Eczema, Barbers' Itch, and All Skin Eruptions in a Few Days.

This wonderful surgeon's prescription, now known all over the world as Moore's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application. A few applications and the most persistent case of Eczema is healed never to return.

Moore's Emerald Oil in the original bottle, dispensed by chemists. It is not a patent medicine, but a wonderful prescription of a practicing surgeon, and is safe and pleasant to use.

RHEUMATISM & BACKACHE now known to be caused by BAD KIDNEY ACTION

Few medical discoveries of recent years can have a more far-reaching effect upon the health of the nation than that of an eminent doctor, who found that Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Disasters, Pains in Back, Cries under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages and Getting Up Nights, etc., were caused by faulty Kidney action, and you'll never be fit and well again until you take the right steps to put your kidneys in order.

Your kidneys have a most important function—they filter and cleanse the blood—working at full pressure day and night—and it is only when the kidneys get overloaded with poisons, acids and toxins which they are unable to eliminate that you suffer as you do today. Take Cystex—the right medicine for your trouble—and you'll soon be as fit and active as before the dread disease fastened itself upon you.

YOU MUST GET WELL IF YOU TAKE CYSTEX

Cystex will make and keep your Kidneys and Blood pure, clean and uncontaminated—free them from all toxic acids (including the crystal forming uric acid) which causes aches and pains in joints and muscles, and from accumulations of poisonous waste matters and germs which make you feel dependent and ill.

BETTER IN 24 HOURS

Cystex is a positive speed and guaranteed remedy for all ailments having an origin in faulty kidney action which causes poor elimination of toxic acids, poisons and waste matters from the system. Within 24 hours after taking the first Cystex tablet you'll feel decidedly better—pain will have eased or considerably lessened—while in a few days you will feel fine. All this is guaranteed.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways. The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone

This is a **GUARANTEED** Remedy For the KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND RHEUMATISM

"OLGA" was the name he had given her, passing her off as a Russian, for business purposes. She was French, an Arlesian, a big, bold, handsome gypsy of a woman. When he had found her she had been sitting in a sailors' cafe down by the port without even the price of a coffee.

He had happened to know that the Florentine was in need of a dance hostess, and that the proprietor would be attracted by the idea of a Russian. He had borrowed some clothes for her and got her the job, taking his commission out of her first week's money.

It was typical of him that he had helped her not out of compassion—he had never felt sorry for anyone in his life, not even himself—but merely seized a chance to put something into his own pocket. She recognized that well enough, and felt that it discounted any need for gratitude on her part. Nevertheless, he had got her the job, and he might have demanded a bigger commission; sooner or later, she knew, she would be expected to do something for him—something bigger than the occasional "loans" he collected from her, and which she never refused because she, too, was farseeing. She knew when he entered her room that he wanted something; he had no other reason for visiting her.

She informed him, briefly, "If it's money you want you're unlucky this time. I had a bad night last night."

He helped himself to one of her cigarettes from the table by the bed. "I want a suit of dress-clothes for to-night," he told her. "Good ones. I intend dancing at the Florentine."

She laughed. "When the management want a gigolo they'll hire one, and I happen to know they don't want one. The ladies of the Florentine don't dance with gigolos."

"I intend dancing with only one woman. The management will not object—I have brought them too many customers, and can take too many away to the Kasbek. They are English, these two, father and daughter. He is tall and grey-haired . . . very distinguished."

"And she is beautiful, eh?" "Of course."

"What is the idea, Jimmy?" He answered curtly, "Something you wouldn't understand."

and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in three ways to end your troubles: (1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue. (2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated. (3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease—attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

NOW FEELS A DIFFERENT WOMAN
"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and smile wide although I am 65 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it." (Spd.) M. L. Zessin, Thompson, Edale, Ireland.

RELIEF AFTER FIRST DOSE
"My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak, I had headache and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back." (Spd.) Rep. Thomas, Tommerville, Queensland.

NOW ABLE TO WALK WITHOUT STICK
"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint." (Spd.) J. McPherson, Nangerone Station, N.S.W.

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK

This is the only fair and honest way of selling a medicine. Go to your chemist today for Cystex. If it does not put you right, return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Ask now! In 24 hours you will feel better and be completely well in 1 week. The guarantee proves you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

Sooner or Later Nearly Everyone Needs

Cystex

Algiers

Continued from Page 3

He came over and sat down on the low divan bed beside her, facing her, his thin, sallow face intent. It was no use pretending with Olga; they were too much one of a kind. And he had the feeling they needed each other; that they could only climb by each other.

She lay watching him through her cigarette smoke.

"These two are different," he said, "I want to get into their world. I used to think money was enough. But it's not. There's something else. Something these two have got, I don't know quite what it is."

"Breeding," Olga said, carelessly. "But it's no good, Jimmy. You have to be born with it."

He made quick impatient movements. "One can learn. Married to a girl like that, living in her world, meeting her friends—"

"You're crazy, Jimmy! You don't suppose her father is going to stand by and see his daughter marry a quayside tout, do you?"

"But supposing I wasn't always a quayside tout? Supposing I had an interesting past and was living this life only from force of circumstances?"

He sprang up and moved restlessly about the room.

"In the right clothes, in the right atmosphere, meeting them as an equal, I can convince them. I shall be someone different. I can make anyone believe anything. Any English or American, anyhow! You must get me those dress clothes, Olga. One of your gentlemen friends will lend them."

He stood over her, his dark eyes blazing with excitement.

"Help me with a story, Olga. You have travelled. What shall my father be—a Persian banker? A Bagdad merchant? Did I run away from home, perhaps, to be free of my family, to be independent?"

Olga was cynically amused.

"You must not overdo it," she told him. "I think your father was French, your mother Spanish—that is why you are so dark. He came here on business, met her here, married her; you were born here."

She lay back, gazed at the ceiling, blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke.

"You ran away from the university," she informed him.

"Your father gave you up after that. The struggle for existence. Sinking lower and lower . . . If the lady has had enough of Florentine's champagne at three hundred francs a bottle she should be deeply moved by this time. All right, Jimmy, I'll go and find those dress clothes for you. I wish you luck with your well-bred English lady, but it's no good, I warn you—the gutter sticks."

He said, violently, "It sticks to those who let it! It will not stick to me! I'm tired of it, see? And I'm going to get out!"

The Vane did not give any indication of their astonishment at seeing Jimmy, immaculate in evening clothes, at the Florentine. When, with a becoming diffidence, he approached their table, they greeted him charmingly, and after a few moments' conversation asked him to be seated.

Jimmy could produce excellent manners when occasion required, and there was no question of inflicting his "life story" on them; he allowed it to be "coaxed" from him little by little, and most of it when he danced with Monica. He allowed himself to be a little useful then about his carefree student days, generously admitting that it was all his own fault that he had sunk to the level of any quayside tout. Ah, but he would rise again, he declared; not for ever would he be down.

After a few hours he had made such an impression on the Vane that they had given him their London address, and told him that they expected to be in Paris in the autumn and at which hotel he might inquire for them. They regretted that the Star of India was sailing to-morrow, but very much hoped that they would meet again.

Monica allowed him to hold her hand for that perceptible moment longer which he knew made all the difference.

"You'll be all right," she told him, "I feel it. Keep in touch, won't you?"

"It will be an honor as well as a pleasure," he told her, and raised her hand to his lips.

Her smile was tender as well as gracious. He walked back through the empty alley-ways of streets of the old quarter in a dream. It was

not so difficult, then, to step out of the gutter and into cultured society. They had accepted him on terms of equality; they had accepted his story—invented for him by Olga; the next step was up to him. Somehow he had to get to Paris by the autumn; and after that London, and the Vane accepting him into their home . . .

He worked; nobody could say that he did not work during those next few months. He was seen no longer at the quays when the luxury liners came in, nor at any time. Olga persuaded the management of the Florentine that so gentlemanly a "floor manager" as Jimmy would make would be a great asset, and not even a duchess would be offended at the suggestion of dancing with him.

So Jimmy the tout became Monsieur Du Cane of the Florentine, and every night saw a fresh carnation in his buttonhole, and every night he turned on the charm as mechanically as he tied his white tie. He smiled and talked and lied and cheated, and all the time he was making money, saving money, and learning. Learning the rules of etiquette, how to make conversation, discovering the things educated people talked about, learning how to be bored without showing it; all the time soaking up knowledge like a sponge soaking up water.

In a little over six months he had made a fair amount of money, and the presents he had received included a gold cigarette case, with his monogram, and a gold wrist-watch, in addition to various sets of cuff-links and a pearl tie-pin. When the time came he sold the lot, though the possession of them had given him great pleasure. But a gentleman needed no such baubles, whereas a gentleman did need good suits, silk shirts, hand-made shoes—and to travel at least second class.

He shaved off his moustache before he left for Paris; it made him look too gigoloish, he decided. He put up at a good second-class hotel when he arrived; he begrudged spending as much in a night for the room alone as normally he could live on for a week or more; but it was important.

He telephoned the Vane at their extremely grand hotel, and finding them out, left the message that he had called, with his hotel telephone number.

He waited in all day for their call, which did not come till the evening. But when it came it was to ask him if he would dine with them that night.

He arrived at the hotel to find Monica Vane alone. She explained that her father had had suddenly to go off and meet a friend who was passing through Paris and leaving by the night train; he sent his most profound excuses, but, said Monica, "It gives us a chance to get to know each other properly, don't you think?"

Jimmy was delighted. He had the feeling that she had got rid of her father deliberately, and was emboldened to make love to her a little. His past six months' experience with all kinds of women stood him in good stead. He was confident now of the right approaches. Nothing momentous happened that



"Here's a nice camera, madam—just pocket-size."

evening, but he felt that he was making headway. The following day he lunched with them both, and two days later she lunched alone with him. By then he had hunted around and asked questions and knew where to eat.

It was a mild golden day and they had a table on a terrace overlooking the little lake.

It was all delightfully romantic, and so remote from the sailors' cafes down by the port at Algiers that all that life was like a bad dream dreamed long ago.

Afterwards they chartered an open taxi and drove slowly through the thin golden woods of the Bois and round the lake. At her suggestion they took a boat and rowed over to the island. There they sat under a weeping willow tree and he took her hand.

Please turn to Page 38

The modern way to clean false teeth

The modern way to keep false teeth clean is the simplest—just put them into a glass of water in which "Steradent" powder has been dissolved (follow directions on the tin). This solution penetrates every crevice, removes stains, and sterilizes your dentures by its own bacteria, active energy. Many people do this overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists recommend "Steradent" and all chemists sell it in tins, 2/- and 3/6.

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DOES SEEM A LITTLE SCRATCHY—BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED...
I USED TO THINK THAT, THEN I LEARNED HOW SMOOTHLY VIM CLEANS. NOW MY THINGS KEEP BRIGHTER AND ARE EASIER TO CLEAN AND LAST MUCH LONGER.

LATER
I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME ABOUT VIM—IT CLEANS SO SMOOTHLY. FOR CLEANING BIG SURFACES LIKE BATHS IT'S GREAT. IT SPRINKLES—THAT'S A BIG HELP. NEVER HURTS YOUR HANDS. EITHER.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile isn't flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just stays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel more tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle yet powerful in making bile flow freely. Ask for CAUTION'S Little Liver Pills for name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6.

Women also Serve..

Girl chiropodists help at camps

ABOUT two months ago Miss Phyllis Wells and her sister Beryl, of Sydney, decided to offer their services as voluntary chiropodists to the men at Ingleburn Camp.

For some weeks the two girls spent all Sunday at the camp, where long lines of troops queued up for treatment.

"We had very makeshift equipment at first and sat on wooden boxes, but we used to treat as many as we possibly could," said Miss Wells.

Eventually the Canteens Board took over the service and asked Miss Wells to organise a group of girls willing to visit various camps.

Now she has a roster of almost 40 qualified girls, who are called each week for the work. More are needed, as other camps are to be brought into the scheme.

Volunteers are asked to notify Miss Wells at Dalwood Arcade, 76 Pitt Street, Sydney.



ROUTE MARCHING was easier for this soldier after his feet had been treated by one of the voluntary girl chiropodists.

Establishing club and canteen for naval men

A COMFORTABLE recreation club for men of the Royal Australian Naval forces when on leave in Melbourne is the description given by Lady Colvin, wife of Admiral Sir Ragnar Colvin, of Navy House, which is due to open at the end of September.

At present it is not intended to provide sleeping accommodation, but a few folding stretchers will be on hand in case of emergency.

The club, which will be furnished in a cream-and-navy color scheme, complete with navy venetian blinds, will be divided into a huge sitting-room, recreation and writing rooms. Hot and cold showers will also be provided.

It will be open from 10 a.m. till 11 p.m. daily. A canteen in charge of Mrs. Crealock Price, wife of Commander Crealock Price, and Mrs. Trevor Oldham will provide morning tea, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and supper at small charge. All voluntary helpers at Navy House will wear navy-blue uniforms.

"Wasps" raise money for comforts, entertain troops

WOMEN'S war service organisations already include Wana, Watties, Waats, and Wrens, and now Victoria has the Wasps (Women's Auxiliary Service Patrol), a group of 40 well-known young Melbourne girls headed by Mrs. Judy Halley, convener of the group, and Mrs. John Howse, Diana Woods, and Margaret Gunnerson.

As an entertainment branch of the Comforts Fund the "Wasps" have put themselves at the disposal of the Lady Mayoresse (Mrs. A. W. Coles), head of the Victorian Division of the fund.

Several girls with cars have offered to drive artists to and from camps for the duration, but their main aim is to raise money for the fund and help entertain the troops.

The girls attend weekly physical-culture classes, and are forming a squad to give displays at various patriotic entertainments. Most of the "Wasps" have done first aid, all are now drilling and learning rifle shooting.

They have designed smart but workmanlike uniforms in grey, cut on military lines, with military pockets, red stand-up collars, and bright steel-like buttons.

Country women send gifts to stock canteen larder

WONDERFUL gifts from the country are pouring into the South Australian "Cheer-Up Hut," according to Mrs. J. Morison, who is in charge of country organisation.

"They include butter, eggs, poultry, sauces, hams, plum puddings, and even a bucket of pickles," said Mrs. Morison.

"The Hut serves 1000 free meals daily to soldiers, and many of the gifts come from grateful relatives."

For example, Mrs. H. K. Nehls, of Port Pirie, has just sent a parcel of knives and spoons, and a note to thank us for our kindness to her husband and son, who are both in camp.

"Three bags of potatoes have arrived from Kalangadoo, and a bag of vegetables from Kinnamantoo."

"The Country Women's Association sends hampers each week."



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THE PATTERNS
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"After a three weeks' course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have made considerable improvement. I now look forward to my meals with pleasure, and my outlook on life is brighter. My nerves have greatly improved."
Women and girls who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills genuinely say that, for giving strength to the system and brightness to life, these pills are remarkably effective. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always help to create rich, red blood which drives away anaemia and its depressing, weakening symptoms. New strength and new energy are restored to the organs, nerves, and tissues of the body, and the whole system becomes revitalised. Don't fail to get a 3/- bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills today from your chemist or store. If you are feeling dependent, rundown and anemic...

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- (2) Dissolves, loosens and helps remove the mucus or phlegm which causes those choking, strangling attacks, and polices the system.
- (3) Gives you the calmest and relaxing effect, and helps to refresh and build up the blood, thus increasing vitality and energy and so fortifying the system against recurring attacks.

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If you are one of the millions subject to cough after cough and cold after cold, and cannot shake them off, because Bronchitis and Asthma. Mendaco, because it eases breathing and gets air in your lungs, helps to get rid of the cause—a stiff, clogged respiratory system, and the blood-cleansing action in Mendaco fortifies and strengthens you against further trouble.

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Wisdom and wisecracks in new radio session

Jack Davey's bright show

People who used to enjoy the sayings and the adventures of "Solomon The Second" in Jack Davey's breakfast session over 2GB a few years ago will be glad to know that that knowledgeable old rascal—under a new name—is coming back on the air.

He will be heard in a new Jack Davey half-hour programme called "Omar Khayyam—And All That" broadcast from 2GB each Sunday at 7.30 p.m., and from 20 other broadcasting stations throughout the Commonwealth.

OMAR KHAYYAM—AND ALL THAT is a typical Davey show. In it there is no regular pattern and no set form. From the palace and the harem of the East of 2000 years ago it switches right up to 1940 with the greatest of ease.

Omar Khayyam and the crooning Jack Davey change places quite freely at the microphone, but whether he is the master of the harem or the 1940 crooner he is still Jack Davey in that particular brand of entertainment which has lifted him to the top of individual popularity on the air in Australia.

This latest announcement of his first individual half-hour show to go on sponsored national relay is indicative of the place he has won in broadcasting in Australia.

With him in his production of "Omar Khayyam—And All That" are Ernest Wilson, the brilliant Victorian bass baritone, who has recently become a leading singer, and Miss Marie Ryan, one of Sydney's best-known younger artists.

Ernest Wilson's appearance will be interesting because in the first two programmes he is to sing songs which are rarely performed.

In the first programme on September 8 he will be heard singing "The Song of The Flea," which Chappell gave to the world, and which is a test for any singer.

In the second programme on September 15, Ernest Wilson will sing "The Green-Eyed Dragon," a song



JACK DAVEY, who will present the radio comedy, "Omar Khayyam—And All That."

which John Charles Thomas has made his own, and which so far as is known has never been recorded, and rarely, if ever, sung by any other leading singer.

Miss Marie Ryan, who also receives her big chance in "Omar Khayyam—And All That," is rapidly winning for herself a definite place in Australian music.

She was the principal winner at last year's Sydney Eisteddfod, and this new programme will carry her voice throughout Australia.

"Omar Khayyam—And All That" will also include Kitty Blunt, The Rhythm Boys, and other members of Jack Davey's regular company.

Algiers

Continued from Page 36

THERE was a hunger in him such as she could not possibly have imagined. The hunger to be forever a part of that world she accepted so much as a matter of course, but which for him represented such a tremendous achievement, rooted in struggle . . . rooted deep down into the water running amongst the garbage in the gutters of side streets in the old part of Algiers.

He held her hand not because she was beautiful—not because she attracted him—Olga was more his style—but because it was a kind of holding on to this glimpse of a coveted world. Had she been plain he would still have held her hand, still have put his head in her lap as he did eventually and cried from the bottom of his heart, "I want to stay with you forever!"

"If you get transferred to Paris you will be able to come sometimes to London," she comforted him.

He had told her, on Olga's recommendation, that he was working now in an import and export house in Algiers; he had invented the possible transference to Paris.

After that he dreamed only of London. He did not go back to Algiers. It was not difficult to get a job as professional dancer—"floor manager"—in a Paris boîte, and apart from the fact that it was nearer London, Paris suited him better than Algiers. He started there as Monsieur Du Cane. Paris had never heard of Jimmy of the quayside. Paris was a milestone along the road of progress, the road that led to the world of the Vanes.

When Olga turned up in Paris he was filled with hate and anger. Olga belonged to that other world of the gutter . . . for all she was wrapped in chinchilla and diamonds dripped from her wrist and glittered at her throat. Olga was nevertheless quite magnificent. He recognised that fact well enough, but she was also Algiers, and Algiers belonged to a past he was trying to obliterate.

She knew that he was not pleased to see her, and it amused her, because she knew why.

"What do you want?" he demanded. There had never been any pretences between them; they never looked each other up for simple friendship's sake, those two. "I've got something for you," she said. "I found it in a shop this morning when I was shopping with my gentleman friend. We were in a bookshop and he was a long time and it was very boring, so I began to look around and then I found this . . ."

She produced a book from under her chinchilla cape and held it out to him, smiling.

There was a scarlet jacket, with white lettering across it. "Monica Vane's new romance." The title was one word, "Gigolo." There was a picture of the author—a remarkably good picture of her.

Jimmy took the book and stood staring at it, wondering. He had never had anything to do with books. Monica Vane had written a book. A book entitled "Gigolo"—a word he had come to abominate.

While his mind revolved slowly, piecing things together, he heard Olga's smooth mocking voice.

"It's all about a quayside tout in Algiers who becomes a gigolo," she explained, softly, almost purring. "You'll find it fascinating reading—quite fascinating. I assure you!"

In London, Charles Vane observed to Monica on the day her new book came out, "You know, my dear, I think you've dealt rather harshly

with the young man!" He handled the scarlet-wrapped book critically. "I can only hope he never sets eye on the book in some Paris bookshop window."

She laughed. "Charles, darling, don't be absurd. As if he would look in a bookshop!"

"Someone else might, and draw his attention to the book."

"Nobody else knew that he knew us. And even if by some fluke he did get hold of the book and realised I'd used him for copy it would be good for him. He was such a conceited little rat. Just a gutter rat. Don't you remember that preposterous tale he told us at the Florentine that night? And then in Paris, pretending he was in business."

"It was not so amusing being bundled off to lunch alone in Paris," Charles reproached her.

"Darling, it wasn't amusing having the creature throw scenes in the Bois. I can assure you! But I got a book out of it all. From the moment he snatched up to us as we came down the gangplank at Algiers he was such wonderful copy; and it was such an inspiration passing you off as my father, wasn't it? It gave everybody so much more scope. I'm so glad I used that idea in the book—just in case he ever reads it . . ."

In actual fact he never did really read the book. Reading was hard work for him. But he read enough to understand that he had been used, that Monica had ridiculed him, and that it had amused her to pass off her distinguished grey-haired husband as her father. It bewildered him that she had described the restaurant with the miniature lake as second-rate. She had seen through him all the time, and it had seemed to her pitiful that he had aspired to her world . . .

HE could not be said to feel anything, except the old familiar sensation of one more snub. Only this one was so much bigger than any other he had ever known.

There was nothing, after that, to go to London for. In due course he found his way back to Algiers. The Florentine was pleased to see him back. He might have gone on there as "floor manager" almost indefinitely, but the old habits of twisting and cheating and double-crossing reasserted themselves, and the day came when he was found out—and kicked out. After that another such job in Algiers was impossible, and he had no heart for Paris. It was merely a matter of time before he was back along the quays again, sidling up to the tourists as they came off the luxury liners: "You want to see the sights, Mister? Lady? I show you. Night life. You like postcards, Mister? All real photographs . . ."

It did not surprise him when a year or two later Olga turned up again in Algiers, and not at the Florentine this time, but down in the sailors' cafe by the port. Olga minus her diamonds and chinchilla and altogether the worse for wear, but with a swaggy still, and her old mocking smile.

"It was fun while it lasted," she told him. "Cheer up—we shall rise again!"

"We!" he said, contemptuously.

She laughed. "Yes, we, You and I."

In his heart he knew it was true; there was a bond between them, something rooted amongst the garbage in the gutter, and that knowledge was the bitterest thing of all.

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MUCH WITH
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BILLS

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WHOLE FAMILY WILL, WELL, FOR
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WRITER IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

This period of the year belongs astrologically to Virgoans — people born between August 24 and September 23.

VIRGOANS are rather pure-minded, fussy, neat, refined and systematic, but, unfortunately, in some cases they are so proud of their innate goodness that they are inclined to make the lives of others correspondingly miserable. This is due to their throwing the failings of their friends into the limelight and in this way giving them an inferiority complex.

There are several types of Virgoans. There are those who are a delight to contact—upright, kindly, sympathetic, true, and gentle. Others are the opposite of what their sign promises, while a third group may deliberately battle against all the best that is in them because of an inferiority complex which creates a preference to use their remarkable wit and intelligence for dishonest ends.

Virgoans have brains. Plenty of them. But it rests with the individual as to the way that brain power is expressed.

The funny part of it all is that even when Virgoans stray from the "straight and narrow" they will prate about their honesty and integrity, after the style of the criminal who boasts of having committed the "perfect crime."

Their big weakness is to criticise and analyse. This frequently develops into fault-finding and nagging, with the result that in many cases they lose the love of their marriage partners.

Consequently, wise Virgoans will not marry rashly, or where their admiration cannot thrive. They usually get on best with Taurians (April 21 to May 21), or Capricornians (December 22 to January 20).

The Daily Diary

USE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just a week of days for most Arians. September 8 and 9 best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Wise Taurians will start well and keep busy at this time. Their stars are helpful and can assist in the realization of hopes and wishes, changes and promises. September 10, 11, and 12 (mornings). Best for starting new ventures.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Restrain your impudence a while longer. Things improve soon. Meanwhile, routine is best. September 13, 14, fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Unpredictable days for most Cancerians, so attention to routine is advised. September 7 and 8, avoid over-confidence.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Confine attention to the small matters. September 12 and 13, fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Don't waste time just now. Wise and busy action can produce good results. Start new ventures, perfect old ones, or plan for the near future. September 10, 11, and 12 (mornings) should be utilized for seeking gain or promotion.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Better times ahead, so plan for them. Meanwhile, perfect routine matters. September 12 (p.m.), 13, and 14, fair.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 21): Quite late for many Scorpios this week, especially on September 7. Poor between September 12 and 14. Caution advised for over-confidence can bring disappointment and worry.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): This is one of the best times for wisdom, caution, and patience. Avoid arguments, changes, upsets, and worry. Be especially careful on September 8 and 9, and trouble may pass you by.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): This is one of the best weeks in the year when which many Capricornians can achieve their high ambitions. Therefore, stay busy and be ready to go into action on September 10, 11, and 12 (mornings). Best promotion, change, and benefits.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Not spectacular for most Aquarians, but wise times ahead. Concentrate on routine just now. Avoid changes.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Unwise and unwary. Pisceans are likely to create trouble at this time. Be particularly patient, cautious, and understanding on September 8 and 9. No contact with routine.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to receive any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



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A BOOK TO READ

Romance with conquered Paris as a background 1870 has parallel to-day

Reading D. L. Murray's new novel, "Tale of Three Cities," reminds us that war and romance are as old as humanity itself—the dictators are nothing new to Europe and fallen countries rise to fight again.

Although Mr. Murray's story deals with the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 it might be this morning's war news, so closely does history repeat itself.

IN the book we are told of the foolishness and incompetence of the old generals, the courage of French soldiers, tales of munitions that did not arrive, essential orders that were not given, and brave men betrayed not by the enemy but by the folly of their own leaders.

There was, too, a shocking misreading of the strength of the enemy. Delicate nostrils raised in contempt of Bismarck, the ploughboy in a Uhlan's helmet.

How the Paris salons laughed at him when he visited the French capital—only to shed tears as his guns later on razed the city.

The Maginot mind we call it to-day. In 1870 it was the contempt of the French aristocrats for anyone that was not a French aristocrat.

But defeated France always finds its De Gaulles.

The country rose again. While its leaders dramatised defeat the common people threw that thought from them.

Paris once again became French—France itself became free. And what happened before can happen again.

Three capitals

THAT is only one aspect of the novel, which has its setting in three cities, London, Rome, and Paris.

More diverting than the author's pictures of these capitals nearly a century ago are his descriptions of the people of the times—and most vivid of all is the passionate romance of Deodata and Ludovica.

These two might be any young couple to-day, desperately in love but separated by the conflicts of soul and country.

Paris under Napoleon III was the



EMPERESS EUGENIE and the ladies of her Court. This Winter-halter painting catches the atmosphere of French Courts described vividly in D. L. Murray's "Tale of Three Cities."

gayest spot in Europe. Eugenie was his lovely, haughty Empress who won all hearts.

All Paris raved of her dark Spanish beauty and her lovely little wisps of hair. (The hats that have lasted longer than the memory of the lovely Eugenie herself.)

There were wealth and leisure and romance in the French capital. Enemies might rattle the sabre, but Frenchmen mouthed the magic word Napoleon and the barbarians were supposed to quake in their shoes.

To this Paris by devious means come the young lovers. How their romance works out to a tragic conclusion is told against the background of war and an Empire in decay.

Passionate love

IN this book of 640 pages Mr. Murray, who is editor of "The Times Literary Supplement," never lets the interest flag.

He presents us with the problem of a girl in love with a man who is sworn to defend the life of the Emperor. Her own brother has sworn to kill him.

There is real poignancy in the plight of Ludovica, who loves both men dearly.

Although the book teems with characters historical and otherwise, it is these three who dominate the novel and around whom the tale of romance and tragedy is woven.

Deodata has contrived the escape from Italy of Piero, brother of Ludovica. The brother is wanted for attempted assassination of royalty. Later, when Deodata has achieved a position in society and is a member of Empress Eugenie's own regiment, Piero turns up again. His sister is also at Court and her assassin brother hides in her house.

The Emperor discovers Piero in Ludovica's house, suspects a plot, and she and Deodata are in disgrace. Then comes the rising of the Communes, and against this background of civil war is worked out the moving story of these two people passionately in love seeking a brief happiness amid intrigues and war.

Although of a different century their plight might easily be that of lovers of different nationality in Europe to-day.

In the early pages Rome and London are the scenes of the story. The rest of the action takes place in Paris.

Rome is a pleasant city of the pre-dictator days, and we find one of the characters in the book, a French General, saying of the Italians:

"No one will ever make soldiers of these people. It is all deers—nothing behind these dandified noble guards in their scarlet tunics and gold helmets. And this state hopes to survive in a modern world."

"Tale of Three Cities," D. L. Murray. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

BANISH

BACKACHE

caused by

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Is it sharp stabbing pains that almost take your breath away, or just an unceasing dull ache? In either case, backache is really kidney ache—nature's warning that your kidneys are clogged up with impurities. They become sluggish. Harmful pain-causing poisons accumulate, and then starts that exhausting backache. To end your pain you must restore the kidneys to health. Only a genuine kidney remedy can do this. That remedy is De Witt's Pills—made especially for this one purpose.

De Witt's Pills act directly on the kidneys. Within 24 hours from the first dose you will have proof that your weak, sluggish kidneys are being cleansed. These famous pills restore the kidneys to health, so that the cause of your trouble is cleared right away. Your backache ends and quick relief becomes permanent benefit.

Commence your treatment to-day with—

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/8, 3/- and 5/8.



Joyce has all the luck! It must be marvellous to be naturally lovely!

Rexona Medicated Soap

brings natural loveliness through skin health

Always so wonderfully attractive—wherever she goes, whatever she wears—the naturally lovely girl! Make this complexion beauty your own, with Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona's medications correct a dull skin, beautify a normal one and help a really flawless complexion to hold its loveliness through the years.

Rexona, medicated with Cady, guards against blemishes. Rexona alone contains Cady, a special compound of medications, that guards against skin faults—pimples,

blackheads and coarse pores. If you have the slightest sign of a blemish you need Rexona care especially. Its medications draw away blemish-causing impurities from the depths of the pores, leaves the skin toned-up, smooth and flawless.

The complete Skin Treatment For those skin faults which do not clear up quickly you'll need the complete Rexona treatment—soap and ointment together. This curative combination rapidly ends blemishes, keeps the skin smooth and unmarked.



More than a Beauty Soap... a Complete Skin Treatment

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

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The Homemaker

September 7, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

41

Your garden . . .

FRIENDLINESS . . . should be the keynote

I HAVE always tried to make my garden the hub of the universe round which my particular stars spin, on which my world revolves.

. . . says OUR HOME GARDENER

IT has cost me a lot of money, time and effort, but I think that by judicious selection of trees, shrubs and flowers I have managed to draw down as much of heaven as will accommodate itself to my little plot of earth.

In that little garden, surrounded as it is by miles of concrete roads and piles of bricks and mortar, I find peace.

I can wander down a pathway with flaunting red salvias on one side, purple jaslandrias and bright yellow sinias on the other, and forget the things that troubled me only an hour before.

And I like a winding path, one that presents surprises just around the corner, a broken line that seemingly ends in the bush, the forest or in a distant shrubbery.

Azaleas, rhododendrons, hydran-

geas, wattles, tree ferns, eucalypts, casuarinas, all lend themselves to the beautification of a wall along a pathway.

Take a stroll down another garden with me, and see for yourself just how these things have been planted to effect.

Dark green eucalypts provide the background, and soft-green tree ferns the contrast. Wattles of various kinds wave their fragrant branches in springtime, and the undergrowth is ablaze with azaleas and rhododendrons.

Just around the first corner you come, during the winter, on the soft lilac-colored eupatoriums, or a belated cassia with its golden-yellow bells tinkling in the sunlight.

Rocks piled by nature have been left alone on one side, and here we find ferns, succulents of various kinds, irises, perennial phlox, heeria rosea, heuchera, gerberas and



BEHIND this friendly old stone wall are massed trees and shrubs . . . a charming effect where space permits.

trailers, trying hard to hide the rough edges left when the rains eroded the soft rocks centuries ago.

Pleanty of room has been left for our best flowering gums, especially eucalyptus ficifolia and its orange and salmon-colored brethren.

Spanish brooms provide a glorious splash of yellow in a corner where the sun touches it all day, while a lovely patch of Geraldton waxplant spreads fragrance only a yard or two away.

On the edge of the pathway a tall English lavender thrusts itself boldly into view, with a background of kurume azaleas, whose dark green foliage throws the herb into prominence.

Perched among the rocks at one end a big patch of goldenrod stares brazenly at the sky, with a contrasting patch of cerastostigma willmottiae, whose sky-blue flowers are rivalled only by the famous gentians of Alpine fame.

Planted by nature

THERE are no clipped hedges, nothing artificial. Everything looks in that garden as if man had nothing whatever to do with it, as though nature had planted them all to please you.

Some day I am going back to that garden, which reminds me so strongly of the days when I was a boy and wandered through English woods picking bluebells and primroses.

It carried me back 12,000 miles and thirty years, and gave me remembrance. And who can say that a gardener has wasted time who can conjure that in a friend or an acquaintance?

And then I wandered out to another garden, flanked by a modern house, the brickwork of which hit me between the eyes with its bizarre coloring.

Not much money had been spent in flowers, but the landscape man who laid out the place originally had spent a lot on trees.

Many of them were conifers, and some were taxads, the cone and yew-like species that some folk term "graveyard trees."

One outstanding tree was an araucaria excelsa, the Norfolk Island pine, and in a big corner, where it will soon have most of the space to itself, stood a robust bunya bunya pine, known to botanists as araucaria bidwillii.

But there were lots of others that did not take up nearly so much room as the big fellows mentioned, such as juniperus africana (African

juniper in plain English), and this was growing nicely in a tub on the patio.

Cyprinus sempervirens, a deep green type of cypress, which is being largely used for planting round houses of the Spanish type, had been

put to good effect as single specimens in round beds, while a magnificent New Zealand rimu pine, which the owner told me had been transplanted when ten years old, was doing very well in the pine shrubbery.

2GB

PRESENTS

"OMAR KHAYYAM AND ALL THAT"



It's a Joyous
JACK DAVEY
Half-hour

7.30 p.m. SUNDAYS

GOSH, I HOPE TOM
WON'T NOTICE YOUR
TERRIBLE LADDER

I COULDN'T HELP IT,
PARTNER... IF BETTY'D
ONLY LUX US, SHE'D
CUT DOWN LADDERS

LUX your stockings straight after wearing . . . to remove perspiration, restore elasticity and save needless ladders. Rubbing with ordinary soaps is harmful. Use only gentle creamy Lux—it contains no soda.

LUX

MEN HATE CROOKED
SEAMS, WRINKLED ANKLES,
BAGGY KNEES. **LUX**
RESTORES ELASTICITY...
STOCKINGS FIT
BEAUTIFULLY

A LEVER PRODUCT.

ES 19.34



Meat me
at my **BEST**,
In **Gravoxy** Gravy, which,
Makes chops and steak
and Beef,
So tasty, brown and **RICH**

Manufactured by
ELEMENTS PTY. LTD.
RICHMOND, N.S. VICTORIA

with
GRAVOX
THE IDEAL
GRAVY MAKER

AUSTRALIAN-MADE

Middle-Aged—But Vital

★ Your digestion, upset by modern diet, falls to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. A progressive decline of vital powers results. End this by taking **COLOSEPTIC**. Cleansing the colon of poisons and clogging waste, **COLOSEPTIC** then feeds precious, life-giving minerals to the starved bloodstream, and so re-invigorates your entire system. **COLOSEPTIC**, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

PRIZES AWARDED for these recipes

● Here are this week's interesting recipes selected from the entries in our best recipe competition. You too can enter this contest which is open to all our readers. Just write out your favorite recipe and send it in.

EVERY week prizes are awarded for recipes selected by our cooking expert from the entries in our best recipe competition.

All you have to do to enter this competition is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

First prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

So let us have that interesting recipe of yours now—it might win a cash prize for you!

SPICED GINGER CAKE

Six ounces each butter, sugar, and flour, 2oz. rice flour, 1oz. ground almonds, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon each ground cloves, cinnamon, and salt, 1lb. sultanas, 2oz. preserved ginger, 2oz. candied peel, 1 large tablespoon treacle, 1oz. chocolate or cocoa, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 3 eggs, milk if required.

Sieve flours, salt, and spices, cream butter and sugar. Beat eggs. Cut ginger and peel into small pieces, and mix with cleaned sultanas and lemon rind. Grate chocolate and mix with flour. Now add half the flour to creamed butter. Mix in treacle and coffee essence and a little beaten egg. Beat thoroughly. Then add remainder of flour and eggs and beat again. Next stir in

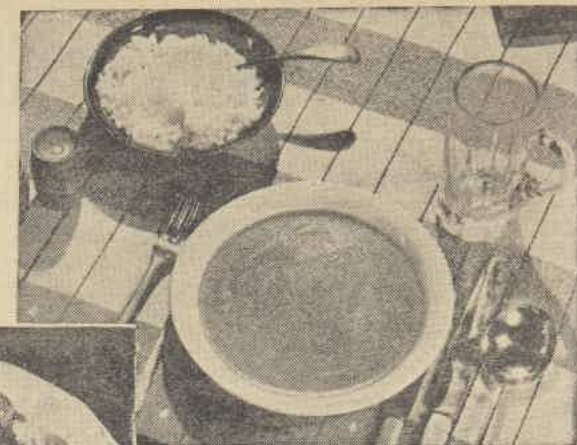
baking powder, and lastly mix in fruit very lightly. Pour into greased and papered tin, place in moderate oven for 1½-3 hours. Leave for 3 days before cutting for flavor to develop.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. A. Farbery, Rosedale, Bermagui, South Coast, N.S.W.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

Two pounds spinach, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 quart white stock, 1 gill cream, salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste.

Pick and wash spinach in cold water, drain well, and put in a saucepan; season with salt and cook with very little water till tender, about 20 to 30 minutes. Melt butter in a saucepan, stir in flour, cook a



(ABOVE) THICK CREAMY SOUPS such as this are always popular with the family. On this page to-day there is a recipe for cream of spinach soup which you will find appetising.



(LEFT) CURRIED CELERY CUTLETS, a delicious new way of preparing that nourishing vegetable, celery. See reader's recipe on this page.

little without browning. Add stock, and stir till it boils and thickens. Then add spinach, bring to boil, season with salt and pepper, and cook for 20 minutes. Strain through a fine sieve. Return soup to saucepan and add cream. Do not allow to boil after cream is added, but keep soup hot till required for table.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Thomas, 39 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

CURRIED CELERY CUTLETS

One head celery, 1 minced apple, 1 minced onion, 2oz. chopped ham, 1oz. flour, 1 egg, breadcrumbs, 2oz. minced nuts, 1oz. butter, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon curry powder.

Prepare and boil celery in salted water, and rub through sieve. Melt butter in a pan and fry onion for a few minutes, stir in curry powder, flour and milk, and cook for five minutes. Then mix in celery, apple, nuts and ham. Spread on dish to cool, then shape mixture into cutlets, coat with egg and breadcrumbs, fry in boiling fat. Stick a piece of macaroni into each cutlet to represent a bone.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Lamb, Nukarni, W.A.

SALMON SOUFFLE

Quarter pound salmon (1 small tin), 3 eggs, 1oz. flour, 1oz. butter, 1 pint hot milk.

Melt butter in a pan, stir in flour,

then milk. When smooth and boiling allow to cool slightly. Beat in egg-yolks. Mince salmon, season with salt and pepper and a little anchovy sauce. Fold in whipped egg-whites. Steam in buttered dish covered with greased paper for 45 minutes. Serve immediately with white sauce or egg sauce. Garnish with lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Enid O'Connor, 24 Canterbury Rd., Camberwell, Vic.

SPICY SPONGE ROLL

Three-quarters cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon each of cloves and mace, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Sift self-raising flour, cinnamon, cloves and mace. Beat eggs, sugar, and vanilla essence until thick. Fold in flour, pour into a roll pan, which has been greased and lined with greased paper. Bake in a hot oven 7 minutes. Cut off crisp edges of sponge. Turn onto dry cloth dusted with icing sugar. Spread with fruit filling, roll up. Wrap loosely in cloth, cool on a rack. Serve in slices with whipped cream.

Fruit Filling: Mix together 1 cup seeded raisins (chopped), 1 cup red jam or jelly, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, grated rind and juice 1 lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. H. Peachey, Box 34, Monto, Qld.

Hands so grimy
after play -



but
SOLVOL
cleans them
right away!

Solvool cleans grubby little hands and knees in a few seconds! What a time-saver for Mothers! The penetrating lather whisks away even hard-and-fast grime—without scrubbing. Use Solvool for your hands, Mother, to keep them charming in spite of housework. Dad will want it, too, after every dirty job. Always keep Solvool in the house—a family needs a long-lasting hand soap.



— and whenever
you wash
YOUR hands
use **SOLVOL**

Miss Precious Minutes

DON'T throw old nightdresses away. Use as covers for delicate frocks hanging in wardrobes.

TO remove inkstains on rugs soak with milk and wipe with absorbent cotton. Repeat process until clean.

TO remove vegetable stains from the hands try this: Combine equal parts of powdered pumice-stone and coarse oatmeal, mix to a paste with lemon juice. Rub this into the stains before washing with warm soapy water. The toilet pumice should be used, as it is finer than the other type, but even this should not be used on the hands frequently, but only when the hands are extra stained.

TO mend a hole in an asphalt path buy a small quantity of cement and sand, and mix three parts sand, two parts cement together with a little water. Wet the indentation and put the mixture in with a trowel, level it off and scatter coal dust over while it is still wet. Press the trowel lightly on the dust to fix it in the cement, and you'll find you won't be able to see the patch when it is dry.

LEMON BUTTER is delicious with fish or sweetbreads. Melt one quarter cup of butter (or margarine), add the juice of a lemon and a speck of cayenne. Beat with a whisk and boil up once to a froth.

ALWAYS sweep carpets the way of the grain. Brushing the wrong way is not only bad for the carpet, but tends to force the dust in instead of out.

IF violets are put in water heads downward overnight they will remain fresh for quite a long time.

SPECTACLES will not get steamy if they are occasionally rubbed with dry soap and then polished.

LEA PERRINS
Tomato Sauce
and
LEA PERRINS
Worcestershire
Sauce

Make a Perfect
**OYSTER
COCKTAIL**

Makes You Forget
You Have

FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be annoyed or feel ill at ease. PASTEETH, a new improved powder, sprinkled on your plates will hold them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Gums and mouth will not get sore. Avoid embarrassment. Get PASTEETH from any good chemist (2 shillings). Refuse any substitute.



A DELICIOUS DINNER, quick and easy to prepare—grilled steak with hollandaise sauce. It is served with brussels sprouts and French potato straws, and garnished with stuffed olives and gherkins. The sweet is papaw with orange slices and bananas, garnished in individual dishes with crystallized cherries.

GRILLED STEAK WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Two pounds rump steak cut in one thick slice, hollandaise sauce, French potato straws, brussels sprouts, stuffed olives and gherkins to garnish.

Wipe the steak and brush with olive oil to prevent it becoming too dry while grilling. To turn the grill use a large knife and an iron spoon. If the meat is pierced with a fork the juices escape and the grill will be dry. Turn every two minutes and brush with the olive oil until cooked, about 12 minutes.

Dish at once and mask with hollandaise sauce, decorate with slices of stuffed olive and shreds of gherkin. Arrange the brussels sprouts on one side of dish and potato straws on the other; garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Hollandaise Sauce: 1 cup thick white sauce, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, yolks 2 or 3 eggs, salt and paprika to taste.

Add butter in small pieces to the heated white sauce, stirring constantly. Add seasoning and vinegar or lemon juice and stir in the egg yolks. Cook carefully, stirring all the time until the sauce is smooth and thick. Cover and keep hot ready for making the steak.

This is a quickly prepared hollandaise sauce and is very suitable for serving with grilled steak.

GRILLED FILLETS OF BEEF WITH HORSERADISH SAUCE

Two pounds fillet steak cut into fillets 2 inches in thickness, 1 teaspoon olive oil, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped onion, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt and cayenne, slices of grilled tomato, fried potato chips, parsley.

Place fillets on a plate, put a little chopped onion on each, then sprinkle with the oil and vinegar and soak (marinate) for one hour. Place on a heated grill and grill 12-15 minutes. Arrange on a hot dish, place a slice of grilled tomato on top of each fillet, sprinkle with parsley, arrange potato chips in rough heaps around the fillets.

Horseshadish Sauce: Three tablespoons fresh scraped horseradish or 11 tablespoons dried horseradish mixed with cold water, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, good pinch salt, 1 gill cream.

Mix the horseradish with the condensed milk, mustard, and salt, add gradually the vinegar. Mix thoroughly. Have ready the whipped cream and stir in very carefully until thoroughly blended. Place in a glass dish and serve cold.

GRILLED SAUSAGES AND ONION SAUCE

Two pounds beef sausages, 1 lb. onions, 1 pint stock or water, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon dripping, parsley.

Place sausages in a steamer and steam for 15 minutes. Then place on a heated grill and cook quickly to brown and crisp them—about 5 minutes. Place on a hot meat-dish and garnish with triangles of fried bread and sprigs of parsley.

Onion Sauce: Peel and slice onions into thin rings, add salt and pepper. Melt dripping in frying-pan. Fry onions until brown and soft. Cover with stock or water. Skim off any fat from the surface of the liquid. Simmer the onions in the liquid for five minutes. Blend flour with a little water. Pour onto the onions. Stir till thickened, then simmer for five minutes. Pour into heated vegetable dish and serve as an accompaniment to grilled sausages or grilled steak.

GRILLED MUSHROOM STEAKS

Six portions grilled steak, 1 lb. fresh mushrooms, 2 tablespoons cream, 6 squares fried bread, parsley.

To Prepare Fresh Mushrooms: Cut off stalks, pare the caps and drop into a bowl of water which contains the juice of 1 lemon. If stalks are solid and tender they may be peeled and cooked and served with the caps, otherwise cook them with the peelings in a small amount of water for mushroom stock.

Cook fresh mushrooms in a sauce-

pan in 1 tablespoon of melted butter for about 5 minutes. Too much cooking toughens them.

Tinned Mushrooms: Heat for about 3 minutes.

Stir two tablespoons cream into the cooked mushrooms. Serve each steak on a square of fried bread. Top with the creamed mushrooms, serve at once, garnished with parsley.

FRENCH GRILL

Six lamb cutlets, 6 rolls grilled bacon, fried potato chips, slices of grilled tomatoes, 6 balls green butter.

Trim and grill cutlets, cut bacon rashers in two and make into loose rolls and thread on skewers. Grill for 5 minutes until crisp and fat clear. Fry potatoes until brown. Place cutlets in middle of hot meat-dish, arrange potatoes in heaps, bacon rolls and tomatoes alternately round the dish. Place a ball of green butter on each cutlet.

Green Butter: One dessertspoon each of butter, chopped parsley, lemon juice, pinch salt and pepper. Mix together and make into small balls.

OTHER STEAK SAUCES

Bordelaise Sauce: 2 tablespoons butter, 1 eschalot finely chopped, 1 slice onion, 2 slices carrot, parsley, bit of bay leaf, 8 peppercorns, 1 clove, 1 cup brown stock.

Cook vegetables and seasonings with butter until well browned. Add to stock, simmer 8 minutes, and strain.

Sauce Espagnole: Before adding stock to above sauce, stir in 3 tablespoons flour and cook until well browned. Add stock. Bring to boiling point, strain and season to taste.

Henriette Sauce (half spread under steak and half on top): Season hollandaise sauce with 1 or 2 tablespoons tomato sauce or puree, and add 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley.

Creamed Cucumber: Peel and slice a medium-sized cucumber into a small saucepan. Add butter, cover with lid and cook slowly for about 10 minutes till tender. Serve on individual steak portions arranged on fried bread.

The royal road to the . . .

PERFECT GRILL

THERE are grills—and grills. One is meat heated until it is cooked and often dry and flavorless. The other is meat cooked to a turn, full of rich juice, garnished with an appetising sauce and served with the right vegetable accompaniments. This is the perfect grill and the most popular dish of all, especially with the menfolk.

For the way to the perfect grill read below.

» » By MARY FORBES « «

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

GRILLING is an art, but it is a simple one that anybody can learn.

And once you've mastered the art of grilling and learned how to serve with the right appetising sauce and vegetables, then you are well on the way to being a first-rate cook.

For nothing pleases the menfolk more—and women, for that matter—than a perfectly done grill, sizzling hot and full of rich flavor.

There are a few points to remember when grilling. Make sure your grill is hot by pre-heating for several minutes before putting your meat under it.

Cook the meat on both sides

quickly at first to sear and prevent escape of the juice; then turn heat low and cook slowly. Add salt shortly before the meat is finally cooked, not before cooking, as salt also causes juices to escape.

Meat can also be pan-grilled. This method is sometimes useful, especially if you have a lot of meat to do—more than will fit under the grill—

and you want to save time. To pan-grill cook in a hissing-hot frying-pan rubbed over with trimmings of fat. Pour off accumulated fat so that the meat will not fry. Do not add water and do not cover. After searing a steak a rack under the meat in the pan, place pan in a hot oven, and finish cooking.



CUT DOWN YOUR

Housekeeping Expenses

BY SERVING

KRAFT
CHEDDAR CHEESE

1 CHEAPER THAN MEAT

Pound for pound, Kraft Cheddar contains twice as much nourishment as meat. That's why you should vary your menu and include more Kraft Cheddar. Also—Kraft Cheddar provides calcium and phosphorus, those with minerals teeth build strong bones and sound teeth. And Kraft Cheddar gives you Vitamin A—the vitamin which helps to build up the resistance against infection. Every pack of Kraft Cheddar has the same rich, mellow flavour. No wasteful fat. Never soft and squishy. And—Kraft Cheddar saves delicious rights to the last mouthful. The secret is that special Kraft foil wrapper.

2 FOUR PRIZE-WINNING CHEESES IN ONE

Year after year, Kraft cheeses win championships and prizes as Australia's greatest. Agri-cultural and Dairy Cheddar. When you buy Kraft Cheddar you get four prize-winning cheeses in one. This proves the quality of Kraft Cheddar. It's the best—and consistently best cheddar you can buy.

KRAFT CHEDAR IS EXTRA RICH IN THESE VITAL ELEMENTS

Extra Calcium—Milk contains calcium, but Kraft Cheddar provides extra calcium—which builds strong bones, sound teeth.

Extra Phosphorus—Green vegetables provide phosphorus—but Kraft Cheddar is rich in this other mineral you need, for strong bones.

Extra Vitamin A—Butter contains Vitamin A. Kraft Cheddar gives you an extra supply to build up resistance to disease.

Extra Protein—Meat provides proteins, but Kraft Cheddar gives you twice as much nourishment as meat. Eat plenty of Kraft Cheddar.

3 EXTRA NOURISHING

This chart shows you how much extra nourishment you get from a pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. So economise the right way. Serve Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

Ask for **KRAFT**
CHEDDAR CHEESE

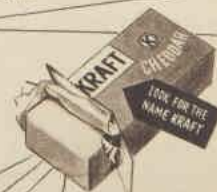
More delicious flavour

Creamier, smoother for cooking

Packed with vital nourishment

Foil wrapped, stays fresher longer.

It takes a full gallon of creamy milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese



MOTHER ASKS: "How can I keep my family's interest?"

PATIENT: Doctor, I'm feeling so tired and dispirited these days. Now that my family are grown up and have outpaced me mentally, I don't seem to count any more. They can all manage their lives so well without me. Is it my fault or theirs that, now I'm getting on into old age, I'm no longer

necessary or interesting to my family?

DOCTOR: There never should be a time when a mother should cease to be necessary to her family, even if she no longer ministers to their physical well-being and comfort.

It is a wise woman indeed who refuses to let middle-age defeat her, who keeps herself mentally young and interesting, her understanding and sympathy keen, and her body in good health. Her children and her husband will continue to turn to her

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME... By A Doctor

for her wisdom and companionship all her life.

In cases where children blithely go their own ways and leave their neglected mother to a lonely old age, such children are undoubtedly selfish and wanting in natural feelings. But, unfortunately, only the mother can remedy or prevent such a happening.

In these days of accelerated living a woman must be more than a mother. She must be a "mother plus."

What can that be? you ask. How can you be more than a mother?

A "mother plus" is a woman who, while devoted and really helpful, has not allowed herself to become submerged—a woman who commands the respect and admiration of her husband and children because she has not allowed herself to be only mother!

She is active and alive to everything about her—no mental or physical slumping here!

Nor has she gone kittenish in trying to keep pace with a Younger Set.

She's vitally interested in all the activities of younger people, and has preserved this interest impersonally in a gracious, dignified manner.

She's abreast of the times, the constant changes; and she's well informed on current and world affairs because she listens with intelligence to everything she hears, and reads as extensively as her time will permit.

She is a companion in every sense of the word to all those who are most near and dear to her.

How many mothers can truthfully say they have accomplished this feat of being a "mother plus"?

If you can't, then there's no reason why you shouldn't begin now that you have more leisure to live up to the interesting sides to your personality and develop the charm that is undoubtedly yours.

More freedom

FOR if you are now faced with freedom from family cares, now is the time to develop your other self. Not to be selfish, but to become a gracious charming person you have not had the chance to concentrate upon because of your many duties and lack of time.

You and your husband should not feel lost and neglected. Begin again your life together. Help him to develop his pet hobby. Take up some study you are both interested in; music, art, a language, a course of reading—one is never too old, if interested!

At the present time there are numerous war-effort activities you can devote your spare time to and through which you can broaden your outlook and your interests.

Never sit down and feel sorry for yourself, especially if you are a widow, for that is fatal. Instead, take the time to make yourself fit, mentally and physically, so that you will be an asset, a welcome member of any group in which you find yourself.

If your appearance is worrying you, then do something about it. I'm a great believer in the efficacy of beauty treatments—more so for the older women than the younger, whose youth needs little embellishment. A regular visit to your beauty salon will have a mental tonic effect as well as a physical.

Even a series of chin or stringy muscles, drooping jowls, and crepy skin can be improved.

Begin some daily exercises to de-

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Preparation for weaning

THE weaning period is often a very difficult time for both mother and babe.

A weaning pamphlet giving weaning hints and full instructions for each week of weaning is obtainable free by all mothers interested in this problem. Send a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4098 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft"



KATHLEEN NORRIS, the successful author, who, in addition to being a wife and mother with a large family, also finds time to write novels, newspaper articles, and take an interest in public affairs.

all in Wool

AND WORTH MORE TO YOU

★ SLIPPERS

★ SOCKS

★ SCARVES

★ and TIES

Wool scores in scores of ways. There is practically no limit to the range and variety of Woollen Lines for everybody, everywhere, every day. Woollen Products in this group not only offer to you the utmost in comfort, but they are renowned for quality that ensures long service, and are smart and dressy.

WOOL

Slippers for Men and Women — cosy and attractive; obtainable everywhere in various colours.

Socks. Fashion correct, never wrinkle under the feet, fit smoothly—absorb perspiration, and have a distinctive feel—Woollen socks also wear better.

Scarves in all colour combinations — cosy and comfortable, smart and neat, at splendid values.

Ties. Do not wrinkle, retain their attractiveness; available in an amazing range of colours.



★ for SMARTNESS WARMTH & COMFORT !

feat the law of gravity that drags downward, unresisting, flabby muscles and deposits of fat.

Exercise will help to make the chin-line firm and restore its contour. Here are some I can recommend:

Tilt your head back as far as it will go. Now chew vigorously with the lower jaw thrust well forward. You will feel a distinct pull on the throat muscles.

Next tilt your head until it rests on your right shoulder and proceed with the chewing. Do the same at the left.

Another method of keeping the jaw-line firm and clean-cut in line is to use the palms of the hands to cup the chin and jawbone, pressing firmly, then relaxing the pressure.

Keep this up until the skin is rosy with renewed circulation.

Does a dowager hump disfigure the back of your neck? Learn to hold your head as though it were a budding flower on its spinal stem.

And knead daily until you have finally reduced the extra roll of fat.

Keep that space between shoulders and hips well stretched and elastic, for it is here women tend to take on that alarming and disfiguring middle-aged thickness.

You can do this stretching while sitting down. Try it now as you read this article.

Watch your diet. Cut down on rich foods, pastries, cakes and sweets and try to include more fresh, raw vegetables and fruits in your meals. You'll find it worth while.

After the age of 30 both men and women need less of the carbohydrates (starches and sugars). But make sure you have adequate protein (meat, eggs, cheese) supplemented with plenty of greens and fruit.

A safe rule in this regard is meat once a day and eggs or cheese at another meal.

When you **Smoke** *Swim* *Eat* *Kiss*

or

pond's INDELIBLE lipstick

REALLY STAYS ON!

No more lipstick smears all over the edge of your cup, all over the tips of your cigarettes, all over your boy friend's handkerchiefs... when you use Pond's Indelible Lipstick. Pond's Lipstick really stays on, whether you eat, smoke, swim or kiss! Pond's Indelible Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It has just the right smooth yet firm texture.

Pond's Indelible Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright sunlight or under the glare of electric lights. For lovely lips, night and day use Pond's Indelible Lipstick, the lipstick that really stays on! 6 smart shades. Price only 2/- and 1/- at all stores and chemists.

DAY AND NIGHT
USE POND'S INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

SOCKS for SOLDIERS

NEW tested design for hand-knitted socks that is easy to follow. Leg shaping gives extra comfort. The design may also be used for socks for Navy or Air Force men.

FOR success, it is advisable to knit these socks fairly firmly at a tension of seven stitches to the inch.

Materials: 40z. 4-ply super-fingering wool, 1 set of 4 No. 11 steel needles with points at both ends.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over.

Tension: 7 stitches to 1 inch.
Cast on 69 stitches, 24, 20, 25. Join round by passing last stitch on third needle over first stitch on first needle. Knit in rib of k 2, p 2 for five inches. Work three inches in plain knitting. Proceed as follows:—

1st Round: K 2, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit plain to the last 4 stitches of the round, k 2 tog. k 2. Work 7 rounds without shaping. Repeat last eight rounds until 20 stitches remain on each of the three needles. Continue without shaping until the work measures 13 inches from the beginning.

With shaping in centre back, rearrange 60 stitches evenly, 15 stitches on each front needle and 30 stitches on the back needle for heel flap.

On the heel stitches work 33 rows in alternate rows of purl and plain (always slipping the first stitch of every row) and finishing with a purl row.

Turn the heel as follows: K 17, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, turn. Slip 1, p 5, p 2 tog., p 1, turn. Slip 1, k 6, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, turn, slip 1, p 7, p 2 tog., p 1, turn. Continue in this manner knitting or purling one more stitch each time until all the stitches are on one needle (18 stitches).

Knit across, pick up 18 stitches on side of heel flap, knitting them as they are picked up, slip all the instep stitches on to one needle and knit them. With a third needle pick up

Instructions for knitting these socks specially designed for army wear are given on this page.



and knit 18 stitches on other side of heel flap. Knit 9 heel stitches and slip these on to the last 18 heel-flap stitches picked up. Stitches will now be arranged evenly, 27 stitches on each side needle and 30 stitches on front needle.

Knit one plain round, knitting into the back of the picked-up stitches at either side of heel flap. Now commence decreasing for instep. Front needle, knit plain. On first back needle k 2, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to end of needle. On second back needle knit to within four of end, k 2 tog., k 2. Repeat this round until there are 17 stitches on each side needle (64 stitches in all).

Again divide stitches evenly on the three needles, 16 stitches on each side needle, and 32 on front needle, and knit plain until foot measures 7 inches from back of heel flap. This measurement is for 10½ in. foot.

Decrease for Toe: 1st Round: Front needle—k 2, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.,



NO. 33.—Pretty frock for the toddler, available in winceyette in sizes 1 to 4 years.

Frock for the tiny tot

DESIGNED for the toddler, this pretty frock is obtainable from our Needlework Department in winceyette in cream, pale blue, pale pink, pale green, or lemon.

The pattern for cutting out and making up and the design for embroidery are clearly marked on the material.

Sizes and prices are: 1 to 2 years, 3/11; 2 to 4 years, 4/3, plus 3d for postage. Paper pattern of design is 1/-; transfer for embroidery, 1/- extra.

For addresses of Needlework Departments, see pattern page this issue.

k to within three stitches, k 2 tog., k 1.

Second needle—k 2, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k plain to end of needle.

Third needle—knit to within three stitches, k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Round: Knit plain.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rounds until 28 stitches remain in the round. Slip back stitches on to one needle and graft for toe.

Knit another sock in the same manner.

NEEDLEWORK notions . . .

For your baby

THIS dainty garment shown at right may be used either as a frock or a coat for baby.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for working on winceyette in cream, pale blue, pale pink, pale green, or lemon.

Sizes, infants to 18 months, price 3/11 each, plus 3d for postage.

Paper pattern only for those who want to make up design in their own material, price 1/-; transfer 1/- extra.



"You poor baby lamb! Still got on long woollen underwear! And your mother says she can't help it, you have to wear it. Dear, dear! You'd think you were a black sheep, the way they treat you!"



"Wait—see that beautiful woman over there in the apron? Well, that's my mother! You only have to mention in her hearing that you're somewhat hot and sticky, and she reaches for the Johnson's Baby Powder . . ."



"Next thing you know, something soft and downy goes tickle-tickle down your back—whee-ee! After that, you can say phooey to rashes and chafes, and play Run, Sheep, Run with the best of them!"

Your baby deserves the best, and for skin protection that means Johnson's Baby Powder, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream.

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BABY Powder
BEST FOR BABY — BEST FOR YOU

Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Moline, etc.

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Atkinsons BRILLIANTINE Californian Poppy

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Don't omit this vital factor from your beauty routine

HIGH-GLOSS
your hair

Give your hair a regular dressing with Atkinson's Liquid Brilliantine.

Rub a little between your hands and pat it on liberally. See what a glorious satiny sheen comes up as you brush! Atkinson's, prepared from the finest, purest light oils, gives the clean, bright, natural-looking shine of youth and health. It's non-greasy and non-sticky.

Californian Poppy
English Lavender
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QUALITY HIGH-GLOSS
BRILLIANTINE

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I got a lovely modern bathroom from two tins of DYNAMEL

1 I've always dreamt of having one of those bright modern bathrooms—but thought it was way outside my housekeeping budget to do anything about our shabby old bathroom. That is, until I wrote to Anne Stewart. She told me exactly how to transform that bathroom—and what's more, how to do it inexpensively. I went straight down to the shop and bought the Dynamel she recommended.

2 All the dark stained woodwork round our bathroom was the bane of my existence—so it was a thrill to see that lovely Cream Dynamel covering right over it.

And I got the surprise of my life when I found out how easy Dynamelling is. It's as easy as sweeping a floor, or any of my ordinary jobs around the house—and much more fascinating!



3 I had a special hate for the outside of the bath—and Anne Stewart had an answer for that too—Dynamel! I put Cambridge Blue Dynamel over the unfinished exterior of the bath AND right over my shabby, rusty old bathheater. Now that looks just like one of those expensive porcelain finished heaters. Anne Stewart told me that Dynamel is heatproof and splashproof, so it's practical as well as good-looking!

4 It sounds too good to be true, but I did all this Dynamelling with a small tin of Cambridge Blue Dynamel and Cream Dynamel. (The final smart touch—a hobby size tin of Red Dynamel!) That's something like economy! And now I'm just going to sit back and take all the compliments that are coming.

P.S. — And don't forget the bathroom floor! Solpax Paving Paint gives a smart, colorful finish to cement or wooden floors or old linoleum—and it wears like iron. 16 colors. At paint shops everywhere.



Dynamel is better than enamel because it dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. No streaks or brushmarks with Dynamel. It gives a mirror smooth finish first time.

ANYONE CAN DO A GOOD JOB WITH TAUBMANS DYNAMEL

Choose from 30 lovelier colors on the Dynamel Color Card at paint stores everywhere.

White, New Cream, Ivory, Cream, Biscuit, Coral, Powder Rose, Sky Blue, Cambridge Blue, Kaimbla Blue, Harbour Blue, Royal Blue, Primrose, Daffodil, Marigold, Orange, Oriental Red, Cherry Red, Persian Red, Lake Green, Nile Green, Lettuce Green, Spring Green, Forest Green, Oyster Grey, Cruiser Grey, Beige, Russell, Chestnut, Black and Clear.

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Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home", together with your new book All About Kitchens. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name

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Make some gay new...

Chair Covers

DRESS up your living-room for spring and summer with new covers for your chairs. This article tells you how to make them yourself. Use colorful chintz, cretonne, shadow tissue, linen tweed or other suitable fabric and your room will take on an entirely new appearance.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



LEFT: Measure each section of the chair very carefully and allow an inch for turnings and 10 inches for tuck-ins at back and sides of seat.



THIS living-room was made most attractive with new loose covers for couches and chairs in gaily-patterned cretonne showing a fuchsia, pale gold and green design on a cream ground. The carpet is plain green and the hangings plain fuchsia.

MAKING loose covers at home isn't such a difficult matter, provided you follow instructions, measure and work carefully.

Measuring is most important for a good fit. Take extra care with this, and measure each part in turn—back, front of back, seat, arms, inside arms, etc. And when adding up for your material remember to allow for a 10-inch tuck-in at back of the seat and another 10-inch tuck-in at the sides of the seat. Allow an inch extra for turnings.

If the top of the back is straight, the back, front, and seat may be made all in one piece, allowing, of course, for the 10-inch tuck-in. However, if you are using figured material, the back and front will have to be made in two pieces, otherwise the pattern will be upside down.

It is a matter of preference how you finish your covers. Some are pulled tight underneath and fastened with tapes. In this case allow four inches to go underneath the chair.

Frill finish

If you like the frill finish, make this five to ten inches deep, according to the size of the chair, and allow 1½ times the measurement round the bottom of the chair. For box-pleating the frill allow 2½ times the measurement.

As to materials, 31-inch fabric is a good width. A small-patterned material is usually more economical and easier to use than a large-patterned one. Sometimes linen tweeds and slubs are suitable. These run about 50 to 54 inches wide but are often difficult to cut without a good deal of waste.

As a rule the average size chair requires seven to eight yards of 31-inch material.

When you choose your material, remember that it should have sufficient body in it to hang and sit well.

Some prefer to measure for cutting out by fitting the material directly on the chair. Others find it easier to collect sheets of brown paper and cut an exact pattern of each part of the chair.

If you use paper, split back pattern in halves lengthwise and discard one piece. On to these paper patterns add 1-inch turnings on all sides, extra turnings of 10 inches on sides and back of seat pattern and on lower edges of sides and back patterns for a good tuck-in.

Also allow turnings of three inches on lengthwise edge of half back pat-



FIT MATERIAL inside out on to the chair and insert covered piping cord along all outer seams, round scrolls, and where chair front ends and frill begins.

tern to allow good hem and wrap-over for the press-studs.

If you find it easier to fit the material to the chair, find the centre line of chair, fold material lengthwise with pattern inside, put the fold to the centre front of chair-back and pin in position, allowing 10 inches for tucking in.

Mark a line for the armhole with chalk or pins. Cut off this length and pin the remaining length, still folded, along one of the arms. Tuck in and chalk or pin all main lines, not forgetting the one inch for turnings and 10 inches for tucking in. When you chalk the joins between the arm and chair, tuck in a little extra to make the seam fit well down where the crease comes to ensure the arm-pieces keeping in position when stitched.

Pattern should match

SEE that the pattern in front of the two arms matches. If the pattern is a large one it must be centred in the back front and the back itself.

Pin the material along the back of the arms and chalk the main lines, allowing one inch turning for seams. When the top of the chair-back is curved it is necessary to pin the material with pleats at back and front to fit and mark with chalk lines.

When all lines have been chalked, tack with colored cotton in case the chalk marks rub off or pins fall out if you have used the latter.

Now you should be ready for cutting. Cut out all pieces from the tacking threads, allowing for turnings, and place inside out on the chair, pinning firmly together along the tacking threads.

Where necessary insert piping cord. This is usually placed round all outer seams, round the scrolls, and at the bottom of the chair where

the seat ends and the frill begins. For covering the cord, measure the amount required and cut out on the cross the same amount of material 1½ inches wide.

Tack the piping cord into the bias strips, then tack the strips to the

material where the seams will be. Then tack the other part of the material right side inwards on to this.

Carefully machine all parts on the pin lines where the piping cord is inserted. This can be done if a

piping foot is fixed to the machine which enables you to stitch right to the edge of the cord.

When all seams are done, cut the turnings down to half an inch and finish by blanket-stitching. If tapes are used they should be sewn on to the front, back, and sides, and tied tightly underneath the chair.

If you have measured correctly you'll find your covers a perfect fit, the tuck-ins ensuring their being pulled firmly over the chair.

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His Mother

KING OF
Your CASTLE

PROTECT his precious health and comfort. Fit "Cyclone" Flywire Screens to every door and window. You can, at little cost, for screens and doors are quite attractively priced at all leading Hardware Stores and Departments, or are quite easy to make in any home workshop. But be sure always that you get "Cyclone" Flywire: it's strong and durable—made in Australia to give years and years of service.

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